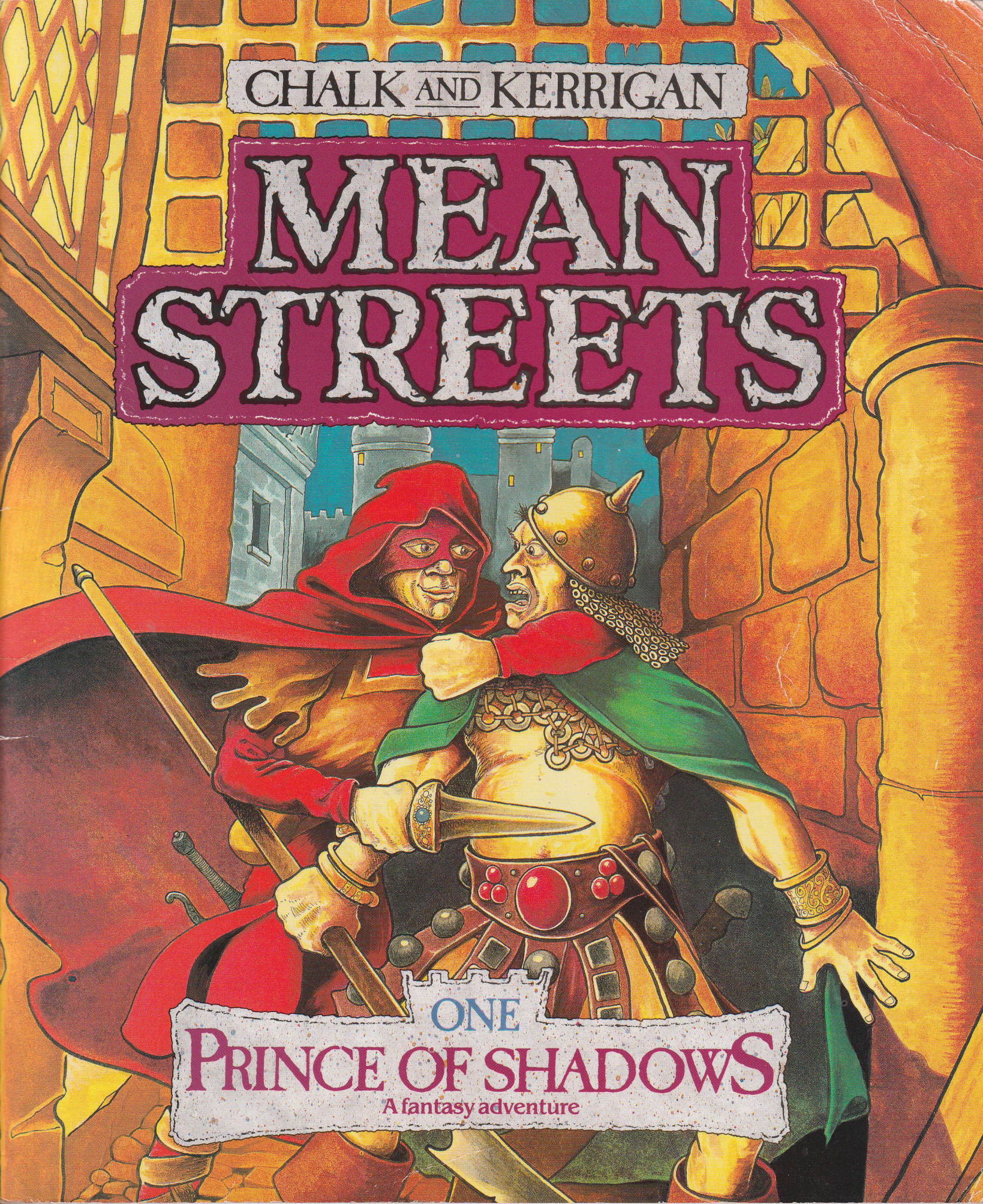
CHALK AND KERRIGAN

MEAN STREETS



ONE
PRINCE OF SHADOWS

A fantasy adventure

CHALK AND KERRIGAN

MEAN STREETS

ONE
PRINCE OF SHADOWS

A fantasy adventure

KNIGHT BOOKS
Hodder and Stoughton

ADVENTURE CHART

PRINCELY SKILLS

MONEY – BAG

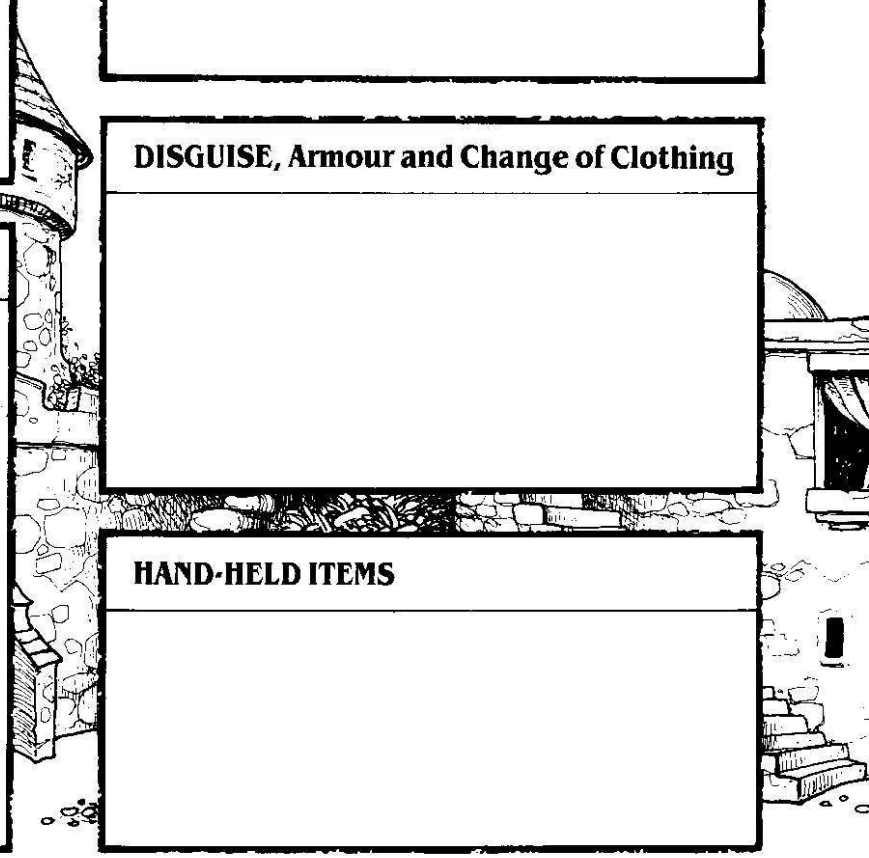
WEAPONS: Dagger and 1 other maximum

STREET SKILLS

DISGUISE, Armour and Change of Clothing

HAVERSACK: 5 items maximum

HAND-HELD ITEMS



COMBAT

STRENGTH — Starting Total: [ ]

YOU	FOE

YOU	FOE

COMBAT VALUE CHART

WEAPON	VALUE
Bare Hands	2
Improvised Weapon	5
Dagger	7
Spear	8
Sword/Axe/Mace	9
Halberd/Double-Handed Sword or Axe	10

ARMOUR	VALUE
None	0
Leather	10
Mail	15
Mail and Plate	20

1	7	6	2	4	1	7	5	6	3
5	3	8	7	0	5	9	2	4	1
2	9	1	5	8	3	0	8	6	0
6	4	8	9	6	1	5	7	3	8
7	3	0	2	7	4	9	2	5	4
4	5	1	8	6	3	8	0	6	7
2	9	4	0	7	5	1	9	2	9
9	3	6	8	2	4	0	3	0	5
1	7	5	0	3	0	6	9	4	8
4	2	6	1	9	8	2	7	1	3

PREPARING THE PRINCE FOR ADVENTURE

For a long year you have been a prince in hiding. Putting aside the name of Edrix, you have been living as Dermik, an actor in the troupe of Master Melfi. The usurper Luko is hated by the people of Salos, your city, and employs brutal Gothmoi barbarians to keep the peace. His secret police, the Silent Watchers, are everywhere sniffing out dissent and resistance. You will need your wits about you to survive in the mean streets, and you will need to be prepared . . .

Before you set out on your adventure, you must work out your Skills and Strength using the Table of Fortune at the front of the book. To pick out a number from the chart, shut your eyes and drop the point of a pencil or pen on to the page. The number in the same square as the end of your pencil is the number you have picked. With ordinary numbers, 0 counts as 10.

The first thing you must find out is how physically fit and strong you are. To do this, pick out four numbers from the Table of Fortune and add them together. This will give you a number somewhere between 4 and 40. This is your Strength. If you have a Strength of less than 20, you are automatically awarded the extra points to bring it up to 20. Enter your Strength, which is now between 20 and 40, in the box marked STRENGTH on the ADVENTURE CHART at the front of the book. During your adventure you will probably lose some of your Strength Points through combat or accident. If your Strength comes down to zero, you have been killed and must return to the beginning of the book if you want to make another attempt to complete the adventure.

Soon you will be asked to pick out a percentage from the same table. You do this in much the same way: pick out two numbers and put them together, in the order they were picked, then put a percentage sign after them. So if you first pick a 2 and then a 7, you have 27%. When you are picking out a percentage, 0 counts as 0: so if the first number you pick is 0 and the second is 5, you have 05, which is 5%. If the first number you pick is 8 and the second is 0, then you have 80%. (Experienced roleplayers can use a ten-sided die to generate both numbers and percentages, if they prefer.)

CHOOSING PRINCELY SKILLS

You were still in the middle of your education when the vile usurper perpetrated his awful deeds. As a result, not all the traditional princely skills were yet yours. These are the skills you can choose from:

Persuasion
This skill gives you a greater chance of winning a debate or argument, or getting people to do what you ask them. You have been trained in logic and public speaking, and can put forward your case clearly and convincingly.

Marksmanship
You have been trained in the use of all types of bow. This skill also helps you hit your target whether you use a bow or not – when you throw something, for example.

Fencing
As you have trained to use all types of sword, your chances of successfully landing a blow on an opponent with such a weapon are increased if you have this skill. Every time you use a sword in combat, you can use this skill if you have it. Each time you use it, you add 25 to your Combat Total. See COMBAT on pages 6-7 for an example.

High Tongue
High Tongue is the ancient courtly language of your city. No longer in everyday use, it is found on inscriptions and artifacts of great antiquity. This skill allows you to read, write and speak High Tongue.

To find out how many Princely Skills you have learned, pick a percentage from the Table of Fortune and compare it with this table:

Percentage Result	Princely Skills
1-33	1
34-66	2
67-100	3

You can choose any skills you like, but you must not exceed the number allowed by your percentage result. All the Princely Skills will help you in your forthcoming adventure, so choose carefully! A good spread of skills is best. You will need to fight as well as solve problems,

so do not concentrate on one area of expertise at the expense of another. You will be told during the adventure when and how you can use your skills.

Once you have chosen your Princely Skills, enter them in the PRINCELY SKILLS section of your ADVENTURE CHART.

CHOOSING STREET SKILLS

Since you chose to hide yourself among the inhabitants of the Lower City, you have of course learned some new skills to keep body and soul together. Some have been learned through careful observation of other members of the troupe of players, others from the denizens of taverns and the idlers of the waterfront. Some Street Skills are unusual, some are illegal and none has ever formed part of a prince's education before. They are as follows:

Thieving
Thieving allows you to steal successfully, and includes such things as picking a lock, shoplifting, or picking someone's pocket.

Tumbling
Tumbling will allow you to perform minor feats of acrobatics. This doesn't just mean that you will be better at turning cartwheels: you will be able to swing out of danger on a chandelier, or save yourself from injury in the event of a dangerous fall.

Disguise
This is a skill learned from other members of the acting profession. With it you can successfully imitate another person: your chance of mimicking a particular voice will be enhanced at any time, but you may need additional props to imitate someone's visual appearance.

Streetfighting
In the streets and alleys of the Lower City, there is only one rule to be obeyed if a fight breaks out: "Make sure you win." Any dirty trick is allowed and any handy object can become a weapon. Every time you use a dagger, bare hands or an improvised weapon in combat, you can use this skill unless the text says otherwise. Each time you use this skill, you add 25 to your Combat Total. See COMBAT on pages 6-7 for an example.

Gutter Speak
Gutter Speak is a version of your own tongue spoken by the poorest and most base of the City's inhabitants. A mixture of debased Persic and the sailor's slang of a dozen lands, it can be incomprehensible when it rolls off the tongue of the lowest of the low. This skill allows you to speak and understand Gutter Speak.

Orientation
The city's streets are like a warren, with innumerable alleys leading in all directions. This skill reduces your chance of becoming lost. It will not tell you exactly where you are, but it will improve your chance of steering in the right direction.

You can have a total of four skills for this adventure, including the Princely Skills you have already chosen. You can choose any Street Skills you wish to make up your total. Each one will help you in your forthcoming adventure, so once again make your choice with care.

When you have chosen your Street Skills, enter them in the STREET SKILLS section of your ADVENTURE CHART.

If you successfully complete this adventure, you can award yourself an extra Street Skill of your choice. This, together with all your other skills, can be used in your next PRINCE OF SHADOWS mission!

WEAPONS, EQUIPMENT AND MONEY

Nearly everyone in the city carries a knife or dagger. Noblemen and the richer of the merchants carry beautiful imported daggers with hilts of gold or silver; they do so to flaunt their wealth and they use the things to eat their food. Ladies of wealth or position carry beautiful little gem-encrusted toy knives to eat their food and clean their fingernails. The poor, and that includes you for the present, carry workaday knives of plain steel with hilts of wood or brass. They use them to eat their food, cut up bits of string and kill each other should it ever prove necessary or desirable.

You have such a dagger in a plain leather sheath hanging from your belt at present. Enter it in the box marked WEAPONS on the ADVENTURE CHART. The dagger has a combat value of 7. Enter this after the word "Dagger" on your ADVENTURE CHART.

You may be given the chance to acquire further weapons in the course of your adventures. If you decide to do so, note the name of the weapon and its combat value on your ADVENTURE CHART. You will find its combat value in the COMBAT VALUE CHART at the front of the book. You can only carry one weapon, in addition to your dagger, at any one time.

If at any time during your adventure you have the chance to take any armour, and decide to use it, enter the type of armour and its combat value in the DISGUISE, ARMOUR & CHANGE OF CLOTHING section of your ADVENTURE CHART.

You may be offered or discover various useful pieces of equipment as the adventure progresses. If you decide to take these with you, enter the name of the piece of equipment and any particular properties it has in the box marked HAVERSACK on your ADVENTURE CHART. However, you will not always be told what a particular item can do. Your haversack can only contain five articles at any one time. You can jettison or exchange articles from your haversack at any point during the adventure, unless you are engaged in combat at the time.

Equipment Example:
"He offers you a set of skeleton keys. If you have Thieving Skill, you can use them to pick any locks you encounter. If you decide to take them, mark them on your Adventure Chart."

If you took them, you would enter them in the HAVERSACK section like this: "Skeleton Keys, pick locks."

In the rural parts of Vortimax, money is not that widely used and in the wilderness it is almost never seen at all. People use barter to get the everyday necessities. In the cities, however, money is the common way of obtaining what you need and each city produces its own coinage. In Salos, the smallest coin is the bronze Smeck, one of which will buy nothing – not even a smile from a beggar. Four or five Smecks might buy you an egg or an apple, depending on the time of the year and the state of the produce. A hundred Smecks are worth one silver Ship. A Ship gets its name from the vessel shown on the back of the coin and will buy a jug of good wine or a meal in a common eating house or tavern. A golden Royal is worth ten Ships. A Royal would feed a man comfortably for a week, with maybe a Ship and a couple of Smecks left over for some fun.

Master Melfi gives you your clothing and three meals a day, although these may not be very substantial if the troupe is suffering a shortage of bookings. All is well at present. After last night's triumphant performance of "Gorgil and Eremoc", you received a share of the patron's largesse and you now have two Ships and forty Smecks to clink together. Enter this amount in the MONEY-BAG section of your ADVENTURE CHART.

If you spend, lose or gain any money during this adventure, adjust the total in the MONEY-BAG section of your ADVENTURE CHART until it tallies with the new amount in your possession.

If you survive the perils awaiting you and successfully complete this adventure, any money, weapons or equipment you possess can be taken with you for use in the next PRINCE OF SHADOWS adventure you take part in.

COMBAT

While performing your daring deeds, the servants of the usurper will be doing their best to stop you. Many of them will be armed and dangerous, forcing you to engage in combat with them. Success in combat is decided by your strength, skill and, if you have one, a weapon. You can only use one weapon in the course of each combat. Sometimes your choice of weapon will be limited by your physical situation: the text will tell you when this occurs. For example: "The passage is so narrow and low that you can use only a dagger, if you have one, or your bare hands to attack the guard ahead of you."

When you reach a place in the adventure where you need to engage in a fight with someone, you can choose out of the weapons you have which one you will use: and if you have the Skill that goes with it, you can use this too. This means you can use a sword if you have one: and with the sword, you can use Fencing Skill if you have it. Or you can use a dagger or club, if you have either, with or without Streetfighting Skill. If you have no weapon at all you can still fight, and if you have Streetfighting Skill you can use it with your bare hands.

You will also be told of your opponent's Strength and whether you or he will strike the first blow. The armour and weapons of your opponent will also be noted along with any skills he may have. Occasionally you will be told what weapons or skills you *cannot* use in that particular fight.

Combat Example:
"Standing by the gate is one of the usurper's barbarian guards, armed with a sword and wearing leather armour. He has Fencing Skill and 24 Strength Points.

If you want to slip away down the passage before he sees you, turn to **103.**

If you decide to attack him, he will strike the first

blow. Should you survive the encounter, turn to **215."**

You are armed with a dagger and have Streetfighting Skill. You have no armour and 36 Strength Points. You decide to engage the barbarian in combat.

As the barbarian has the first blow, you work out his chance of injuring you first:

Write the following in the COMBAT box: The barbarian's Strength, the combat value of his sword (see the COMBAT VALUE CHART at the front of the book), the combat value of your armour (which in this case is 0) and the value of his Fencing Skill. Add together the barbarian's Strength, combat value and the value (25) of his Fencing Skill. Subtract from this the value of *your* armour. You now have the barbarian's chance of striking you: 27+9+25−0=61. This is the barbarian's Combat Total: he has a 61% chance of successfully landing a blow on you.

Pick out a percentage from the Table of Fortune, and if it is equal to or less than the barbarian's percentage Combat Total, then he has hit you. If it is greater than this, then his blow has missed.

In this case, 46% has been picked and as it is below 61% the barbarian's blow has struck you. As you have been wounded, your Strength will be reduced. Deduct the combat value of the barbarian's sword from your Strength and enter the new total in your STRENGTH box. Your new lower Strength is 27 (36−9=27).

Now it is your turn to strike a blow at the barbarian, using the same method as he did to strike at you.

Enter the following in the COMBAT box: your Strength (at its new reduced level), the combat value of your dagger and the value of your Streetfighting Skill. Subtract the value of the barbarian's armour and you have your chance of striking him: 27+7+25−10=49. This is your Combat Total. Now pick out a percentage. Suppose you score 78%: as it is greater than your Combat Total of 49%, it means that you have missed him. If you had scored a hit on him, you would have deducted the combat value of your dagger from his Strength and made a note of his reduced total in the COMBAT box being used for the current duel.

When both sides have tried to land a blow on each other, then a round of combat has passed. After each round, you have the chance to flee from the combat unless you are told otherwise. If you decide to flee, the person you are fighting tries to land another blow on you before you run. Calculate his percentage chance of success, and if he manages to strike you, deduct the damage done to your Strength and enter the reduced total in the STRENGTH section of your ADVENTURE CHART. You have no right of reply to such a blow as you are too busy fleeing to defend yourself. If you decide to flee from a combat, turn to the numbered passage indicated after the words "if you survive". In the example shown above, you would turn to 215.

If at any time your Strength is reduced to zero, you have been killed and must return to the beginning of the book if you want to try and complete the adventure again. When an adversary's Strength has been reduced to zero, you have slain him and can turn to the numbered passage indicated: in this example, 215.

LARK STREET
FLESH STREET
DROVERS WAY
STREET OF THE BLACK COCK
HAMMER LANE
RUTCHER STREET
HAM LANE
SHEEP STREET
SMITH STREET
CATTLE MARKET
RUNE STREET
THIMBLE STREET
STREET OF BRAZEN ARTEFACTS
LIZARD STREET
CLOVER'S ROW
CLIFF STREET
CHALICE STREET
PALACE
THE CITADEL
STABLES
LOCK STREET
GOLD STREET
PALACE WAY
PILLAR STREET
FACTUS ST.
WESTERN WAY
NIGHTINGALE STREET
GENTLE STREET
TOMB STREET
RUBY ST.
NIGHT STREET
STONEWAY
MASK STREET
MASONS
ALLFATHER'S
ROBE STREET
FOUNT LANE
ST. OF THE BROTHERS
NOBLE WAY
PURL STREET
DARK PLAZA
KILN STREET
SHARP ST.
THE GREAT SQUARE
BAKER'S LANE
CULLS STREET
STRAW ST.
COCKEREL STREET
COIN STREET
FOOL STREET
SMAERD ST.
BREAD STREET
MOON ST.
CORN MKT.
EAST WAY
OLD CAPTAINS
HOSPITAL ST.
SHIP STREET
PARADE STREET
APOTHECARY'S ROW
SUGAR STREET
ST. OF THE CAT
SEVEN JARS STREET
FORT
CHOP ST.
WHALE ST.
SPICE MKT.
BAZAAR STREET
VICTORY WAY
ROYAL DOCK
N. DOCKS
SCENTED WAY
PURPLE ST.
FISH ST.
BARRACKS
N.
HARBOUR
FISH MARKET
SOUTH DOCK
WHARF STREET
DRUM STREET
NAVAL DOCK
STINK STREET
CUSTOMS ST.
DOG STREET
SWORD LANE
LORRIC ST.
GLASS ST.
WAY MEET
A HALF MILE
FORT
SALOS

1

Soaring high above Vortimax, a giant vulture gazes down on the coastline far below, its dark wing-feathers fluttering in the windstream. Over the horizon appears a long finger of land, separating two oceans: the vulture raises its great wings and begins to lose height . . . The cape looms larger, and a city spreads itself out below: a thousand tangled streets surround a great outcrop of rock, with a castle perched on it. The vulture sails down past the rock, then slows as it glides between the houses of a narrow street. Passing an open window, it lets out a cry, then carries silently on . . .

A noise outside wakes you up and you tumble from your straw mattress at Master Melfi's on Smaerd Street, surprised how late it is. Last night's performance of "Gorgil and Eremoc" went down well, with the crowd swelled by goatherds, tinkers, farmers and thieves all gathered in Salos for today's market. After the revelry which followed, all in honour of you and the rest of Master Melfi's troupe, it was the early hours before you got to bed.

Sunshine streaming in through the open window tells you it must be midday. The rest of the troupe will have set off to play in the villages. You see some money on the table, and above it a note scribbled on the wall:

"Dermik – your share of last night's tips. Enjoy your day off, and keep out of trouble! Melfi."

Pulling on your clothes, you grab your dagger, haversack and money-bag, clinking now with 2 Ships and 40 Smecks. (Make sure you have marked the dagger and money on your Adventure Chart.)

You are about to head for the streets when you hear a scuffle outside: you go to the window, and see two Street Sharks below, beating up a ragged old beggar for sport.

Do you try and rescue him? If so, turn to **149.**

If you want to stay out of it and leave through the back door, turn to **46.**

2

From inside you can hear the low grumble of men's voices, arguing half-heartedly about the final score in a game of Turnshell. Two Gothmoi guards, and not yet suspicious . . . You look up the marble wall of the building, following the ivy as it writhes its way to the windows above. Then you hear the raised voice of a third guard and the scrape and tinkle of chainmail within:

"Ah, the regimental gamblers – have we lost next month's pay yet? Put those damned shells away or I'll have you both doing double duty on the privies tomorrow! You, Kasmad – if it's a game of chance you're after, down to the vaults and search for more torches. Have a look where they store the musical instruments."

"Yes, Warmaster," whines a guard, and you hear the sound of footsteps receding down wooden stairs.

"Now you, Podrark, go out and patrol the gardens till daybreak. And if you find Affrod, send him in. He should be around the statue somewhere."

No time to think now . . .

Do you rush the steps and attack the guard as he comes out? Turn to **148.**

Do you press yourself against the wall and hide behind the ivy? Turn to **66.**

3

Leaping out from your hiding-place, you rush on one of the guards before he knows what has happened. He has a spear, leather armour, and 20 Strength Points.

You can use any weapon you have, or the magician's staff which you can snatch from his hands as an improvised weapon. You strike the first blow.

If you land your first blow, the other men finish off all three guards within seconds.

If you miss, the guard strikes back before he and the other guards are slain by your men.

Turn to **155.**

4

Climbing between two pillars, you ease yourself feet-first over the wall, grab the ivy and start climbing down . . . but suddenly the ivy gives way and you tumble, lashing out with your arms . . .

Then your fall stops, and you realise you are clinging white-knuckled to the ivy lower down. You carry on scrambling downwards, and are soon on the flagstones.

"He's out in the grounds!" a guard calls from above. No time to waste . . .

Do you race back to the Great Gate? Turn to **88.**

Do you make for the outhouse? Turn to **28.**

Do you head for the wall nearest the docks? Turn to **119.**

5

The guard has a mace and leather armour, 23 Strength Points, but no skills. You race for the spiral staircase, and manage to reach it before he catches up with you. You turn on the steps, strike the first blow, and can escape up the staircase after any round of combat.

If you survive the fight, turn to **184.**

6

You hurl yourself down the steps just as the door bursts open. For a split second you hear a throbbing sound, then you are thrown headlong down the steps as a spear sinks deep into your back.

A final twist of the spear from a guard cuts short the last words you utter: "Right, then left . . ."

7

A sharp pain in your right side seems to be shouting at you to wake up. As you do so, you realise it is only one of many pains that have been patiently waiting to grab your attention as you come round.

The night sky is still there in front of you, only this time the cudgel has gone, and in its place are the gruesome but grinning faces of two Gothmoi guards, picked out by a lamp that one of them holds.

If you are disguised to look much older, turn to **191.**

If you do not have this disguise, turn to **220.**

8

Passing through the druggists' and alchemists' quarter, you cross Apothecary's Row. By now you can see the tops of ships' masts ahead of you, and soon you are among the rooming houses off Whale Street. As dusk falls, you wander through the warren of cobbled streets leading down to the waterfront, thinking how you will handle the Resistance when you meet them.

A whispering voice somewhere behind you brings you out of your dreams. You look back just in time to see five sailors spring out into the street, armed with daggers and a length of rope. You fear the rope most of all: it tells you they are a press gang from the galleys!

You dash on down the lane, turning left and right willy-nilly to try and shake them off. Only three sailors chasing you now, you notice, as you suddenly burst out of the lanes and find yourself at the water's edge. A desperate glance left and right to find an escape route only shows you the other two sailors closing in.

"Think we haven't done this a hundred times before?" laughs one of the sailors as he moves on you, nonchalantly swinging the rope.

Your only escape route now is the murky water of the dock behind you. If you want to jump, turn to **194.**

If you want to fight, you can strike the first blow against any of the sailors, each with 21 Strength Points and Streetfighting Skill, and armed with a dagger but wearing no armour.

If you land your first blow, that sailor is out of the fight after the first round, but you must then take on the next, striking the first blow again.

If you land your second blow, that sailor too is out of the fight after the second round: you can now escape while another strikes at you and the rest back off. Turn to **201.**

If you fail to land either your first or second blow, you are overpowered by the sailors: turn to **168.**

9

Creeping up the steps with weapon drawn, you peek round the doorway. The Warmaster stands tall in the middle of the hallway, his back to you. He carries a double-handed sword, mail and plate armour but no helmet, and has Fencing Skill and 24 Strength Points.

You steal up to him and strike two blows at him before he can turn to reply and complete the first round of combat: but you must fight him to the death, taking his sword if you wish, before turning to **91.**

10

You pull the grapnel out of your haversack, unravel a length of cord, and, swinging the grapnel around your head, hurl it over the top of the wall. Then you pull on the cord: it grows taut, then gives no more. You scramble up, and are soon looking over the wall.

Below you is the outhouse, and in it is Jerret, looking every bit like a Gothmoi guard in his spiked helmet. He is holding the reins of two horses, and he has a halberd now, leaning against the wall.

"Pssst!" you whisper.

"Sssh!" he says again, without looking up.

You re-adjust the grapnel, pull up the cord and let it fall into the outhouse, then climb down.

You are within a few feet of the ground when Jerret dives for the halberd, spins round and sinks it into your chest: you crash to the ground.

The face isn't Jerret's, you realise, as the halberd is rammed in again, delivering the death blow.

11

You cross and go up to the tavern. After taking a deep breath, you lift the latch and open the door.

The sight that faces you is not what you expected. The tavern is in virtual darkness, and deserted – except for the tavern-keeper, cleaning goblets in the light of a lamp behind the bar. It seems a full minute before you reach the bar and whisper: "Evening."

The barman returns the greeting.

You clear your throat: "I suppose a drunken rat-catcher's better than none, isn't he?"

"Well put, sir. I expect you've come for the meeting in the Snug Bar, haven't you? It's along that passage."

Turn to **79.**

12

Down-hearted, you leave the grotesque shrine, and head back to Glimroc's empty-handed. Jerret is waiting outside. "It's no good, Jerret, the cup wouldn't come," you tell him dolefully. He goes through the same rigmarole to get you back into Glimroc's, and you explain to the dwarf what happened. He is unmoved.

If you decide to pay him the 3 Royals, and have the money, mark the new items of equipment and your payment on your Adventure Chart, and turn to **111.**

If you want to rob him of the equipment, turn to **84.**

If you decide to leave empty-handed, turn to **111.**

13

You bury your head in your hands . . . you cannot make head or tail of what she is saying.

"Terkya," she says, and, grabbing hold of your hand, pulls you to your feet and leads you this way, then that, until she leaves you . . . right by Bazaar Street.

Turn to **197.**

14

After endless twists and turns in the narrow lane, you turn once more to face a dead end.

In front of you is a high wall, into which is set a padlocked door. You beat your fists on the door in the forlorn hope that someone is behind it, and will open up. But all the noise does is signal your whereabouts to some Gothmoi guards behind you.

If you have Thieving Skill, turn to **113.**

If not, turn to **139.**

15

Stretching out in front of you is a whole rack of large horns! Then a resounding crash from upstairs tells you the door you bolted has fallen under the weight of many guards.

Trembling now with rage as much as fear, you pass the torch along the rack. Twenty or more horns confront you, all made of the tusks of some strange southern beast. All are carved with curious pictures and

inscriptions, and all of them are the same size and shape. But which one is The Horn . . . and does it matter, anyway?

Do you look at the carvings on each horn in turn, hoping to find a clue? Turn to **189.**

Do you grab a horn at random, and get out fast? If so, turn to **61.**

16

You offer Bortli everything you have collected, including any money of your own needed to make up the 40 Ships.

"I suppose that'll do," he says ungraciously, taking the money, and pads back to his companion.

"Thought I heard somethin', but there's nothin' there," you hear him say, and they plod off the way they came. You watch them turn a corner, then Bortli's voice pierces the night air:

"Guards! The Shistins are over there!"

"Let's go!" you shout, cursing the watchman under your breath and vowing to get even – if you get out of this alive.

You can now carry on through the maze on pages 38 and 39, returning to it at **182.**

17

Unseen hands grab your wrists and wrench your weapons from you, then twist your arms behind your back while the powerful arm drags you by the head across the room. You try to open your mouth to explain who you are, but a knife through your throat silences you for ever.

18

"We're prepared to believe you," cuts in the leader, "for the time being at least. And yes, we can use you too. We've planned a big operation for tonight, and you can be an important part of it."

Someone undoes your blindfold, and the rope tying your wrists. In front of you is the table with the lamp, and beyond it the faces of twenty or so desperate men.

"No need to know our names yet," says the leader. "We'll introduce ourselves later. Now, this is the job . . .

"Tomorrow's the Festival of the Founding Fathers, the day when traditionally everyone takes to the streets and makes merry to celebrate the founding of Salos. Which is why Luko banned it on pain of slow death, and changed the calendar so there'd even be confusion about when it was. You no doubt know all about that.

"Now, our plan is to make that festival happen, and usher it in the way it always has been: by blowing The Horn at sunrise from the top of the Repository of the Founding Fathers. Good idea, don't you agree?"

You nod, and at the same moment hear a strange creaking sound at the back of the room. Out of the gloom a new face joins the gathering.

"Sorry I'm late," the man says, sitting down. "I had to deliver a barge of millet to the granaries."

Do you interrupt the Resistance leader to ask how he got in? Turn to **35.**

Do you let him carry on with the plan? Turn to **152.**

19

You spring on to the fruit stall and send melons rolling among the crowd as the guard reaches you and raises his sword. But his last step is a step too many: his foot meets a melon, and as he falls flat on his rump in a pile of dung you leap again, and sit astride the wall.

From your perch you see your encounter is not yet over: the crowd pushes back as the stall sways, totters and then obligingly collapses on to the guard, to a loud cheer from the crowd, even the melon seller. Maybe this is my lucky day, you think, as you drop to the street.

Turn to **229.**

20

You get as far as the top of the bridge before the terriers catch up with you. As two of them start biting into your ankles, you mount the wall on the bridge, and look down at the murky river ready to hold your nose and jump, when to your amazement the bow of a grain barge glides into view below you.

Turn to **72.**

21

"There's a few dead back there," says the last man as he shuts the door behind him and hurries past you down the steps. You have almost seen your way through to Bazaar Street when you hear guards in the yard behind you.

If you have Tumbling Skill, turn to **141.**

If not, turn to **6.**

22

One more try, only this time in High Tongue, you decide: "Oraclo windrim Crontor doenend phillam . . . Orrinim Glimrocceh . . ."

"Ah! The Glimrocs," the oracle yaps back at you, "Oh, yes, I'd rather be with them than here. Well come on, what are we waiting for?"

You pick up the cup and hurry out of the shrine.

"You know, it's been very boring in there for the last three hundred years," the cup explains as you head for Glimroc's. "Most people won't talk to me in High Tongue so all I ever get to say is 'get lost' really . . . oh, and tell the odd idiot of a thief I can't be stolen. And another thing, watch out for a big vulture in the morning – could come in handy!

"Now, tell me what this Orrin Glimroc's like . . . anything like his great-great-grandfather? Ah, but you wouldn't remember . . ."

"I thought you were supposed to know everything yourself?" you cut in, but the oracle is not in one of its listening moods, and yaps irrelevancies all the way to Lock Street.

At last you reach Glimroc's again, and, sure enough, Jerret is waiting for you outside.

"Quick, Jerret, there's no time to lose," you say as he starts to go through the whole rigmarole of knocking on the door in code and swapping passwords with the dwarf. After what seems an age, Glimroc lets you in. "The cup . . . show me the cup" is all he can say. You put the cup on the table, and his eyes are transfixed by it.

"You Orrin Glimroc then?" the cup pipes up. "Used to know your great-great-grandfather. Now, I expect to be well looked after . . ."

"The equipment please, Glimroc," croaks Jerret.

"Oh yes," he says, absent-mindedly pulling back the cloth, "help yourselves."

Mark any equipment and weapons you have taken from Glimroc on your Adventure Chart, and turn to **111.**

23

At last you reach Purl Street, but the going has proved slow in the dark lanes and alleys.

"Feel like taking the wider road straight to Lock Street?" you ask Jerret. "We can hop over the wall into the cemetery if we run into trouble."

"Why not?" he replies in a strangely thin, croaking voice. "They won't be looking for us so near the Citadel."

Those are the first words he's said all night, you think . . . or are they? As you both stride up Stoneway, under the towering mass of the Citadel, a bell strikes the hour of the Fox. You sense more than ever just how dangerous your mission is . . .

At last you turn into Lock Street, and Jerret leads you through squat, half-timbered houses, stopping eventually outside a solid, studded door.

Turn to **159.**

24

You knock on the door of every chandler's shop, then try the lock, hoping one is open. But you are out of luck.

You have no choice but to press on to Purple Street in wet clothes, unarmed, and without a haversack. When you reach Stink Street you turn off the road into the slums, soon reach a path along the riverside, and follow it until you are under the bridge at Fish Street. A strong smell of wood-smoke tells you fires are burning in the fishermen's smokehouses further on.

Do you carry on in the hope of drying your clothes? If so, turn to **180.**

If you decide to go straight on to the Golden Robe, turn to **42.**

25

After some feverish thought, you realise you must try and storm the barricade, or find another way through to Bazaar Street.

If you choose to storm the barricade, turn to **228.**

If you decide to look for another way, you can retrace your steps: but you cannot back-track again unless you are told you can do so. Return to **86** on the maze on pages 38 and 39.

26

Very quickly you sense you could get hopelessly lost in the tangle of alley-ways. Scrambling to the top of a wall, you look out in the direction of Purple Street, and see ahead the back of a tavern. You wonder if this could be your destination, and from your vantage point, trace a route to it with your eye.

Intriguing, you think . . . you can go right, left, right, left all the way, except once, when you can't, so you do the opposite . . . You look back, and find it is the same routine all the way from Bazaar Street.

Jumping down, you stride through the alleys till you reach a long flight of steps just in front of the tavern, with a door at the top. You climb to the door, which has a hole cut in it the shape of a weaver's shuttle. You go through, but find there is no way through to the tavern.

You climb down again and skirt round the tavern to right and left, but still find no way through. You go back to the steps, then head back for Bazaar Street, making sure to start with a right . . . At last you reach it again.

Turn to **197.**

27

To your immense relief the Great Gate of the Repository is unguarded. Keeping well hidden behind an evergreen bush, you both watch and wait for any sign of life. There is none – just the lofty tangle of wrought iron, and beyond it the overgrown gardens between you and the Repository.

"I'm going over the gate," you tell Jerret. "All that fancy ironwork will give me footholds right to the top."

"Look out for the drugged guard by the stone Guardian," says Jerret. "And one last thing: I'd better tell you the rendezvous in case I don't make it – the Voyager's Rest, near the Southern Docks, and the password's 'Ten sailors don't make a fighting crew'."

You creep up to the gate, grasp the cold iron, and climb . . . up, up, up and you are astride the top.

For a moment you look at the Repository, a gloomy silhouette against the first glow of dawn. The silence is broken by a distant cock-crow. You know you have less than an hour to complete your mission.

Now you are clambering down, and suddenly a fluttering close to your neck almost makes you lose your grip. A bat, winging its way to some belfry before daybreak, brushes your face.

You steal towards the building, keeping behind the trees as best you can. At last you see the stone Guardian ahead, and, sticking out around the stone base, a booted foot – surely the guard's. Judging by the foot, he is sitting on the ground – but unconscious, or awake?

Weapon at the ready, you tiptoe to the base of the statue. The foot doesn't move. You can hear slow, heavy breathing. You peer round the stonework, and see the slumped form of the guard, unconscious, halberd on shoulder, and on the ground beside him an empty bottle and goblet. At his feet lies his helmet.

Do you leave him as he is, and carry straight on to the Repository? Turn to **136.**

Do you pull him out of sight first? Turn to **211.**

28

You reach the tree, but shouts from behind tell you that guards are following. You gaze up at the stone wall.

"Are you there, Jerret?" you call.

"Sssh!" comes the answer.

Must be guards nearby on the other side, you think.

If you have the grapnel and Marksmanship Skill, turn to **10.**

If you only have the grapnel, turn to **166.**

If you have neither, turn to **133.**

29

You bury your head in your hands. You can understand the words, but you'll never remember the directions: you tell her your problem.

"Naprabli," she says cheerfully, "jagga rittilifti, rittilifti ardawor, bawi cannaga ritti, galifti!"

I can remember that, you think to yourself . . go right left, right left all the way: and when you can't go right, go left.

Thanking the woman from the bottom of your heart, you head off hopefully back to Bazaar Street, following her directions. At last you find it again.

Turn to **197.**

30

"This way!" you hear a guard shout, and soon hoofbeats are pursuing you down the alley. When the barbarians are nearly upon you, you turn and draw your weapons . . . but you face bowmen. A hail of arrows whistles between the narrow walls, and soon your corpses lie strewn in a ragged line along it.

31

After some effort you manage to turn the lock, and step inside. Stretching out in front of you is a whole rack of large horns, all made of the tusks of some strange southern beast. All are carved with curious scenes depicting the history of Salos, and have inscriptions in High Tongue: "The First Century" . . . "The Second Century" . . .

A horn for each century, you think – and today Salos is a thousand years old. So we are starting The Eleventh Century. You hurry along the rack and find a horn with that inscription, and look at the carving: it depicts a young man, strangely carrying a crescent moon over his shoulder, and beside him, perched on the top of a building, an enormous vulture.

That's the one, you say to yourself, grabbing it.

Turn to **61.**

32

"My name is Dermik, and I'm a player in Master Melfi's troupe," you tell them, at the same time sensing any weapons you have part company with you.

"Oh yes? So you'll be able to tell us what you were playing last night then, won't you?"

"'Gorgil and Eremoc'."

"And what part did you play, then?"

"I . . . I was the back end of the horse." A ripple of laughter goes round the room.

"How convenient for you. So you didn't have any lines you could delight us with now, I suppose?"

"Well, I had a walk-on part as a lady in waiting, too, and . . ."

The room erupts in laughter now, and you think you hear someone falling off his chair. "Come on," someone shouts, "let's have the full performance!"

Someone blindfolds you, ties your hands, and spins you round: "Away you go, young lady in waiting," says your interrogator. "Walk on and say your piece as if your life depended on it . . . because it does."

You start walking forwards: "Your Majesty, I do most humbly and earnestly beseech you not to . . . " You bump into a chair and hear it fall to the ground amid more laughter: " . . . not to deny His Most Noble Majesty the King's every wish in this solemn matter, and to use your great influence to move . . . " This time you hit the table and grind to a halt.

"To move this blooming table out of the way!" someone pipes up from the back, bringing the house down.

"That's enough!" a cool voice breaks in. "Now, Master Dermik, your story seems plausible enough – so tell us what brings you here."

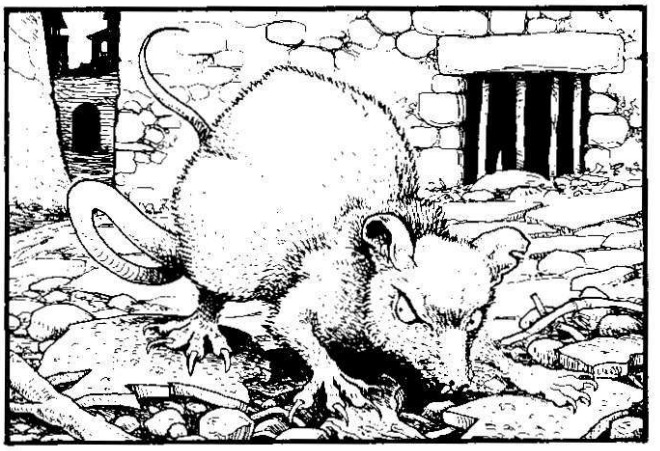
Turn to **224.**

33

In one swift movement you dash for the sword, grab it before any of the Sharks can reach it, and kick the lantern over, plunging everyone into darkness.

You must now engage in three rounds of combat before you can flee. Your first foe has 18 Strength Points and a dagger, but no armour or special skills. You strike the first blow.

After the first round you take on your next foe, who also has a dagger, 17 Strength Points, but no armour or special skills. Again you strike the first blow.



Your third round of combat is with a Shark who has lost his dagger in the dark, and has only his bare hands and 20 Strength Points to fight with. He strikes the first blow, and a parting blow as you flee.

If you survive the encounter, you can keep the sword, remembering to keep within your weapons limit of a dagger plus one weapon and mark it on your Adventure Chart. Turn to **121.**

34

Once across the river, you leave East Way and head through the granaries towards Purple Street. Stopping for a moment at a turning, debating whether to take it, you hear ahead the unmistakable sound of a Gothmoi guard marching towards you in chainmail.

Your mind is made up for you: down the turning you go, pausing after a while to listen again . . . but the guard must have taken the same turning, for the sound is getting louder. Quickening your pace, you hurry along the alley, ruefully noticing on either side the high, featureless walls of granaries.

Rounding a bend in the alley, a nightmare sight greets you: another Gothmoi guard with a torch in his hand, no doubt coming to meet the other.

If you are disguised to look like an older man, turn to **103.**

If you do not have this disguise, turn to **183.**

35

"It's a secret door leading to the outside privy," the leader explains. "But more important, there's a secret door from the privy into a weaver's yard next to the tavern. It means the tavern could be watched both back and front, and we can still come and go as we please."

Turn to **152.**

36

The alley ends abruptly at a wall just too high for any of you to jump. With the sound of horses' hooves approaching, you shout: "Help each other over!" and knit your hands together to give the person nearest you a leg up. He is the first astride the wall, but before he can jump to safety an arrow sinks into his chest.

You turn to face mounted archers, picking off at will each man who tries to scale the wall. Your last bid for your life is to climb the pile of bodies to the jeers and taunts of the archers. Then you too slither down the wall to join the other corpses.

37

The hound keeps coming towards you, gathering pace as it begins to sense you are an intruder.

If you still have some meat pie left in your haversack, turn to **89.**

If not, turn to **99.**

38

You slip out of the back of Master Melfi's, wondering if the next time he sees your face it will be set on a spike decorating one of the City Gates. You take the alleys you know well through the scribes' quarter, and cross Parade Street as quickly as you can.

Turn to **164.**

39

There are ten keys on the ring, and you feverishly start to try each key in turn on the lock, but your pursuers are drawing ever nearer . . .

Pick a number from the Table of Fortune:

If it is 5 or less, turn to **226.**

If it is 6 or more, turn to **177.**

40

You see him hold up five fingers to the other guards, and motion them to creep over the wall. A second later, five guards stand silently in the yard, slowly drawing their swords.

As the first guard steps forward you shout "Now!" and spring at him amid a flurry of hemp while your men attack the other four, then the rest as they clamber over.

The guard you face has a sword, 22 Strength Points, Fencing Skill and leather armour. You strike the first blow, using any weapon you have, or the improvised

weapon of a pitchfork lying by you. There is no retreat from this combat, for you or any of your men.

If you kill the guard, you rejoin the Resistance men, who finally slay all the guards with few losses of their own. You can take leather armour, a spiked helmet, and any one of the guards' weapons: sword, spear or halberd. If you take a helmet, some of the others follow your example. Mark these on your Adventure Chart before returning to the maze on pages 38 and 39 at **203.**

41

"I gotta check the gallery again!" you shout with the voice of a barbarian. "You're ordered to the vaults to guard the horns. An' watch out – there's an intruder loose in the building!"

If you are wearing a guard's cloak as well as leather armour, turn to **124.**

If not, turn to **217.**

42

Before long you are below Fish Street, and find some crumbling steps which take you up to it. Once on the bridge, you look long and hard for any signs of barbarian guards, and seeing none, hurry across it till you come to some steps leading down to the opposite shore.

You quickly go down these, then slip into an alley leading through dyers' and fullers' yards till you come out on Purple Street. And there, almost in front of you, lit by a lantern, is the sign of the Golden Robe tavern.

Turn to **150.**

43

The conspirators have just started to discuss where to pick up a large number of torches when two men slip into the room through the door you came in by.

"Sssh! Gothmoi in the tavern," whispers one, while the other slides a solid wooden board across the door.

Everyone rises quickly but silently and hurries to the secret door at the far end of the room. The first few men get through easily, but the rest start jostling and for a few precious seconds two burly men get stuck in the tiny door frame. You find yourself at the end of the queue.

A loud crash heralds the arrival of the Gothmoi guards, who break down the door in one swift action. You turn to face them along with two other men, but the odds are overwhelming. After a brave struggle, your three corpses lie oozing blood on the floor.

44

You scale the scaffolding and step out on to the ledge beneath the windows. You peer in through the first window, but can see nothing in the dark.

Do you jump in? If so, turn to **76.**

Do you creep along to the next window, with a plume of steam coming from it? If so, turn to **97.**

45

The men do not share your confidence, and start to head off for different alley-ways.

"Stop!" you call. "Let's pull the cart down one alley, and take another!"

This proves a more popular plan, and soon the cart is rolling down the slope of one alley while you all pour down another. Pick a number from the Table of Fortune:

If it is 3 or less, turn to **30.**

If it is 4 or more, turn to **222.**

46

The dung of horses and goats lies everywhere in the dusty street, with flies swarming from one heap to the other. The taverns too are buzzing, leaving the streets quiet under the midday sun.

You turn a corner and before you is a blind story-teller and his young apprentice squatting in the dirt, with a huddle of ragged men and even more ragged urchins around him.

"My wise and appreciative listeners," he begins. "Let me tell you the story of the War of the Wizards, the Dark Years, and how our great city of Salos came to be born."

Loud yawns come from the mouths of the men.

"Very well," says the story-teller. "You clearly don't want to hear how the wizards brought strange creatures into our world such as the dwarves, wasp-men and giant gargabeasts, so I won't tell you.

"But one thing I will say: our great city was founded by the brothers Salo and Meregrond, who landed here one fateful midwinter's day many, many years ago." His voice drops to a whisper: "And for those who still keep the old calendar, tomorrow is midwinter's day whatever they try and tell us, and it'll be the year of Meregrond 1000!"

"That's treason, talking about the old calendar!" pipes up an urchin, earning a clout from the man next to him.

"Allow me, then, to recount the tale of our great and noble new King Luko," says the story-teller, "more wise and just even than his brother who went before him."

Several handfuls of dung land in the story-teller's lap. "Tell us the true story," murmurs one of the audience. "Go on, it's safe enough," whispers another, "the Silent Watchers are all lurking in the bazaars today, or else in the taverns, spying on the Resistance."

With this, the blind man whispers to his apprentice to keep a look out. "Very well," he says with a trembling voice, "but you'll all pay 20 Smecks for it . . . in advance."

As everyone delves in their clothes for the money, the pickpockets among them watching closely for future reference, you toss your 20 Smecks in from where you stand, keeping well back and glancing round to note your escape routes.

"And now," says the blind man, "the true story of our great and noble King Luko . . ."

Mark off the 20 Smecks on your Adventure Chart, and turn to **117.**

47

"It's all clear behind me," he tells you, "and good luck!"

Return to the maze on pages 38 and 39 at **188.**

48

Twisting this way and that to give your pursuers the slip, you eventually duck down a narrow passage, then hear someone yell behind you: "We've got the scug now!" To your horror, you realise it is a dead end. The Sharks gather at the entrance to the alley, then advance on you with daggers drawn.

After a few seconds of brave but hopeless struggle, a Shark ends the fight, and your adventure, as he runs you through with his sword.

49

There are three keys on the ring, but will any of them open the door? . . .

If you have Thieving Skill, turn to **226.**

If not, turn to **177.**

50

Racing along the wall, you turn the corner into Noble Way and hurry to the outhouse. Your heart leaps into your mouth as you run past the gates within inches of a dozen Gothmoi guards – all mercifully on the other side – and you run even faster when you hear one of them shout: "I've got the keys!"

Now you are at the outhouse: you fling the door open, but from inside a Gothmoi guard lunges at you with a halberd. It sinks deep into your belly: seconds later, you lie dead in the road.

51

Feeling the door, you search with your fingers for the contours of Sun and Moon, touching everything in the hope that it will open the door. Nothing happens. You start to feel along the walls to either side, but every inch is covered in carvings, and your panic begins to mount.

Taking a firm grip on yourself, you leave your haversack against the door as a marker, then start to feel your way along the wall. The carvings never stop. Your heart is pounding when eventually you stumble into something underfoot.

Stooping to feel what it is, you realise with horror it is a skeleton, its fingers still touching the carvings at the bottom of another stone door . . .

Years later, the next visitor to the hall finds two skeletons lying by the door.

52

You come to a parting of two alley-ways, and in one of the narrow turnings ahead you see the back of a solitary Gothmoi guard who must have got separated from the others. He is leaning on a massive double-handed sword.

Easy meat for us, you think, turning your head only to find that you have lost your men too.

If you have Fencing or Streetfighting Skills, turn to **158.**

If you have neither of these skills, turn to **108.**

53

Lifting your head so the guard can see your face, you carry on walking towards him . . . and right past him. He does not even give you a second glance. You hurry down the alley he came out of . . .

Turn to **131.**

54

As you catch your breath from your efforts, you notice that the sun is already half clear of the sea. If you are to blow the horn, it must be now. You lick your dry lips, take a long deep breath, and blow with all your might.

A tremendous, eerie note rends the still morning air. The shouting below you stops. Utter silence. You put the horn into your haversack, wondering whether any old horn from the rack would have done, or whether you picked the *only* one – by luck, or destiny . . .

If you have hauled the ladder on to the roof with you, turn to **174.**

If it is still below the shaft, turn to **138.**

55

You peer round the pile of nets and see an old fisherman in the light of a lamp he is holding. He comes down to the stern and spots you.

"What in the name of the gods are you doing?" he says, and you explain your narrow escape from a press gang.

"You'd better lie low and get your clothes dried," he says. He helps you hang up your clothes on the rigging and spread out your haversack and its contents on the deck. As you turn away from him, he sees your back in the lamp-light, but says nothing.

"They'll be dry in an hour or two in this wind," he says, "but I'd think twice about leaving the boat until morning. The press gangs work all night these days."

You explain that you cannot wait until morning: you must be at Purple Street by the hour of the Cat.

"Mm," he says, and after a moment's thought: "I'll take you most of the way there in the boat, and your clothes can be drying as we go. I'm taking her to the Fisherman's Basin tonight: I'll drop you off at the Fish Street bridge on my way."

Soon he has cast off, and as the boat swings away from the quay and heads for the river, you look out at the harbour mouth and beyond, where a crescent moon is rising out of the sea.

You have dry clothes and haversack on your back again, and have made a friend, when the bridge comes into sight. You jump ashore just before the bridge, and see the name of the boat carved roughly on the bow: Blue Swordfish.

"Goodbye, and thank you, Nebros," you say as you jump off. And the answer comes back: "Goodbye . . . and good luck, young prince." But before you can say anything, the boat glides off into the night.

You soon reach the bridge, pass under it, and slip down an alley which brings you out on Purple Street . . . and there, almost in front of you, is the Golden Robe.

Turn to **11.**

56

The ointment works wonders on your sore and aching body, quickly restoring your spirits, and your Strength Points to their original total.

Mark this on your Adventure Chart, and turn to **221.**

57

The only escape is over the wall by the steps. You jump it in one clean bound, land nimbly on your feet, dive down the lane the way you came, and keep running with the shouts of the Street Sharks behind you.

After a minute you pause in a dark gateway to listen: their distant cries sound as if they are arguing. About who pocketed the money left on the steps, you guess, as you gather your breath and head once more for Purple Street, giving the Sharks a wide berth.

Turn to **121.**

58

Retching from the stench, you peel off his armour and put it on with a shudder. The helmet is a bit oversize: still, you try to march briskly but silently towards the Repository. You have hardly reached the flagstones when you hear a low growl off to your left: your head spins and your helmet almost topples as you see the black shape of a guardhound loping towards you with teeth bared.

Do you draw your weapons and advance on the beast to fight it? Turn to **99.**

Do you stand your ground, hand on weapon, and wait to see what happens? Turn to **163.**

59

Emptying his pockets of a few fish, the magician clears his throat and raises his staff to the night sky again:

"Traspankrig algri gudlibin . . . hic . . . thrudar switling clirtibrul bazustrich!"

A sickening feeling grabs hold of your stomach, dragging it way down past your belt, and you shut your eyes as you sense your skull squeeze your brain till it feels ready to burst. Then you realise your legs are thrashing about in the air, and your eyes open . . .

A beautiful sight is laid out below you: the maze of alleys, shining in the starlight, with little Gothmoi guards running to and fro in it. You look around and on either side of you the Resistance men are flying through the air very much like a flock of seriously overweight geese.

Then ahead you see Bazaar Street, which gets bigger as you look at it. Then nausea takes over again, your eyes are forced shut, and you stub your toe badly on something solid.

Gathering your wits, you realise you are all standing in Bazaar Street. I'd rather like to do that again, you think.

Turn to **206.**

60

You buy some fried squid and barbecued swordfish for 50 Smecks, and sit down by the dock-side to eat it. Looking out over the Basin you can just see the Fish Street bridge, which you will need to cross to get to the tavern.

Your thoughts turn to the Resistance, and how you will try and persuade them to help you. Perhaps your birthmark will win them to your side . . .

As soon as you have eaten, you set off again along the river, putting a piece of fish in your haversack and with 6 more Strength Points.

Mark these and the 50 Smecks spent on your Adventure Chart, and turn to **230.**

61

Slinging the horn over your shoulder by its strap, you leave the chamber, and run along the corridor until you turn a corner and reach some steps. Guards' footsteps are pounding in the corridor:

"The torch's just burnt out," one of them shouts. "An' it's the last one!"

Despite the strain you chuckle, douse your light, and feel your way up the staircase.

Turn to **210.**

62

Your last hope is to take as many guards as you can with you: four lie dead on the marble before archers appear from the staircase, and finish you.

63

Twilight falls as you thread your way through the slums towards Purple Street. You start climbing up a sloping alley when a strange sight greets you round a corner.

Some poor fellow is being mugged, and in the light of the lantern you see his money tumbling down the steps as a masked Street Shark clubs him mercilessly. But there seems to be something odd about the way he is doing his mugging . . .

Do you go to help the victim before he is clubbed senseless? Turn to **137.**

Do you slip back round the corner and stop to work out what is going on? Turn to **204.**

Do you grab the money and run? Turn to **157.**

64

You ask the tavern-keeper to get a vital message to the meeting, but he refuses to leave the bar, and shows you the door, hand on dagger.

As you stand in Purple Street, thinking that tavern-keepers are probably much the same all over Vortimax, you decide the best you can do is hide in the darkness of a nearby alley, and ask anyone entering the tavern to get a message through.

Half an hour passes, but no-one goes in the tavern door or comes out. After an hour of shivering in the alley, you decide to go in again to plead with the tavern-keeper. But as you step into the street, Gothmoi guards spring from the shadows all around you, and you are overpowered. A hefty blow with the flat of a sword knocks you senseless . . .

Turn to **114.**

65

Levelling his staff at the guards, the old man splutters:

"Fwerj dardril frizkrishgir berark gubgrug shuborl . . ." One leg gives way and he starts to swing in your direction – "taroskl"

A crackling sound rends the air and he tumbles to the ground with the staff levelled at you and your men. At the same instant there is a green flash from his direction. You realise you are blinded.

Out of the blackness comes an apologetic voice amid the cries of your men: "Oopsh . . . shorry!" The next thing you know a spear is being driven through you.

It is also the last thing you know.

66

Your heart pounds as the guard rushes out, runs down the steps and hurries on into the grounds without looking round. The Warmaster is left alone inside. You decide to strike, and silently draw your weapon.

If you have Disguise Skill, and want to use it to lure the Warmaster outside, turn to **122.**

If you want to rush him inside, turn to **9.**

67

"Anyone not in Gothmoi helmets, get over this wall," you say. "When you hear me shout 'An' kill 'em slowly', jump the wall and rush the barricade. Everyone else: lose any spears over the wall, give me a few yards start, then follow me – and keep your mouths shut!"

You turn the corner at a run, and yell: "Azgurt's in trouble! Orders are for all spearmen to get back an' 'elp 'im! At the double! Promotion for the first five that rescue 'im! We take over 'ere!"

You are still running to the barricade when the first guards clamber over with their spears, and rush past you. Once they are past all your men you shout back, "Know where yer goin', then?" The guards stop in their

tracks. "Just keep right all the way," you shout, and when the last barbarian is round the corner, "An' kill 'em slowly!"

Long before Azgurt finds them, instantly sentencing every man to a thorough lashing, you are all across the barricade and on Bazaar Street.

Turn to **206.**

68

You frantically scan the scenes on the other horns. The great earthquake of many centuries ago . . . the first incursions of the Gothmoi . . . You jump to the other end of the rack, and find scenes which seem to be about Salos, but mean nothing to you.

Now you hear Gothmoi voices in the corridor.

"Who's got the keys then?"

"What in the Goddess' name is the use of keys without a torch to see 'em by?"

You grab a horn at random, douse your torch, and dive out of the chamber, but bump into the doorway as you do so, letting the horn clatter to the ground.

"He's up ahead!" a voice screams in the blackness. You pick up the horn, sling it over your shoulder by its strap, and grope your way further down the corridor, but the guards are gaining on you . . .

If you have a bag of glass marbles, turn to **96.**

If not, turn to **169.**

69

Grabbing some grease-paint, you go over to a mirror and set to work. Within minutes your face, neck and hands have grown wrinkles, and you look a full twenty years older.

Mark the disguise on your Adventure Chart, and turn to **38.**

70

As the watchmen pass, you both leap out and grab them by the throat, then drag them back into the shadows. A heavy chinking sound comes from the pockets of one of them: Jerret puts his sword to the throat of one, his dagger to the other's, while you search them. In the pockets of one you find just a couple of Ships, which you put back. But from the other man you unload from two pockets no less than 43 Ships. You take the lot.

"Where d'ya get all that, Bortli?" asks the other. "Have you been takin' bribes and not sharin' 'em?"

Jerret can hardly restrain Friblik at this point. You grab Bortli by the head and knock it against the wall. He falls dazed to the ground.

"Let's leave them to it," you say, tossing 3 Ships far into the darkness of the alley.

As you cross Bakers Lane you look back to see Friblik laying energetically into the motionless form of his companion with boot and fist.

Mark the 40 Ships on your Adventure Chart, and turn to **23.**

71

Making the most of your sharp sense of direction, you dash down turning after turning, back-tracking along the route which brought you to the Sharks, and confident you will meet no dead ends.

After a few minutes, you stop to listen for your pursuers: you have shaken them off.

Turn to **121.**

72

Leaping off the bridge with a terrier still clinging to your shoe by its teeth, you land neatly on all fours in a deep cushion of grain.

A large round of applause from the bridge tells you the rat-catchers appreciate style when they see it. Mounting pain in your foot also reminds you of the terrier though so, hastily opening your haversack, you find a rat and after showing it to the dog, hurl it into the river. The terrier follows, to another round of applause from the bridge.

As the clapping dies down you hear the shouts of the bargee: "What in the Goddess' name do you think you're doing in my barge?"

"Oh, just learning what it's like to be a rat at a convocation of rat-catchers," you say glumly, digging through your haversack for any remaining rats, and tossing them into the river.

The bargee chuckles: "What got you into that pickle?"

"Don't know, really. Just said a few words of Gutter Speak, and they all turned nasty."

"So what did you say?" he asks, beaming.

"Oh, drunka raccacha bettada no, or something like that," you reply.

The smile vanishes from the bargee's face. He stares at you long and silent. You stare back.

"Don't speak Gutter Speak, do you, young man?"

"No."

"It means 'a drunken rat-catcher's better than none': you can see why they got shirty. Now, what I want to know is, why did you say it in the first place?"

Something in the bargee's voice tells you he knows a lot more than he is admitting. "Because my life depends on it," you reply. "And I'll be for ever grateful to you if you tell me what these words mean: 'ourada gatta in Gilda Ro . . . o Purrul Stri'."

"It means the hour of the Cat at the Golden Robe on Purple Street. And if that's where you're headed, I'll take you as far as the granaries past East Way, where I'm mooring, and you can walk the rest. All right?"

Darkness falls as the barge drifts down-river. At last, thanking the bargee, you jump off where he ties up.

Do you take the path along the south side of the river, hoping to avoid running into any Gothmoi guards? If so, turn to **199.**

Do you cross the river at the East Way bridge, and make your way to Purple Street through the granaries and the Southern Bazaar? If so, turn to **34.**

73

You steal up to the doorway and peep round. It is the guard, torch in hand, searching through a collection of stringed instruments. Beside him, resting against one of the racks, is his spear. You brace yourself, quietly drawing your weapon, when you hear the boom of people banging on the wooden doorway above. You spring on the guard as he turns.

Do you strike him with your weapon? Turn to **147.**

Do you hold your weapon to his throat? Turn to **93.**

74

"You all right, Affrod?" he calls. You grunt something indistinguishable, and double up as if hurt while he runs up.

"You're not Aff . . . " is all he manages to say before you run him through with your first thrust. You quickly drag him into the bushes, then do the same with the dead hound, and make for the Repository door. Soon you are standing just to the left of the steps.

Turn to **2.**

75

"I can prove . . . " are the only words you manage to get out before you are blindfolded and gagged, your hands and feet tied together, and dragged through a door into what is clearly a well-used and rarely emptied privy.

After an hour or so of utter blackness and silence, the door bursts open and you are trampled by scores of feet . . . Then Gothmoi pour in and run you through with their swords.

76

The room seems empty. You tip-toe across it, and open the door. You find yourself in a lamp-lit passage, with a door to the left and right. You open the door on the right, and find yourself in a large room, dimly lit by a couple of lamps, with a door at the far end. You hurry across to it and open it, only to find that it takes you down some outside steps to a lane below.

There's only one place left for a staircase downwards, you think, and hurry back to the passageway. You open

the other door and see an old man sipping at a bowl of stew.

"What in the Goddess' name do you think you're up to?" he shouts, and you hastily shut the door, having noticed there was no staircase there, either. Running back the way you came, you climb out on to the lintel and down the scaffolding, as the old man curses you from the window.

If you want to pay your Ship and go in through the front door, turn to **215.**

If you want to creep in without paying, turn to **115.**

77

Amidst heated discussion about whether you are the real prince or not, a thin croaking voice mutters these words:

"Arna helpi nar prin. Fevver gettada troe wijus gatta nada tyra taffoy. Shoosim . . . da gerittaf im."

You understand him all too well: "I'm not helping no prince. If he ever gets to the throne we've just got another tyrant to fight. Let's use him, then get rid of him."

Turn to **18.**

78

You reach the tavern and step inside. It is packed with revellers, but there is no sign of the Resistance: they must be in a special room . . .

Squeezing your way through to the bar, you catch the tavern-keeper's eye.

"Ten sailors don't make a fighting crew," you say.

"Too true," he replies, casting a glance over your shoulder. Two daggers are thrust into your back before you can even turn, and you fall dead to the floor.

79

The tavern is so dark you have to feel your way along the walls to find the passage, which is even darker. Groping your way down it, your hand suddenly recoils when it meets the sharp point of a dagger.

"Keep on going," a voice whispers in your ear.

A few steps further down the corridor a second voice murmurs from the blackness: "Turn left. Then knock three times when you get to the door."

At last your outstretched hands feel solid wood: it must be the door. You knock three times.

The sound of shuffling feet comes from inside. Then suddenly the door is flung open, and you have just enough time to see a table with a large lamp on it, and beyond it the dimly lit faces of some men, before everything goes black again. An enormously strong arm has wrapped itself round your face, and cold steel touches your throat.

"Who are you?" a gruff voice barks in your ear, as rough hands search you for weapons.

Do you resist, and draw a weapon to defend yourself? If so, turn to **17.**

Do you tell them you are Prince Edrix? Turn to **144.**

Do you say you are known as Dermik from Master Melfi's troupe? If so, turn to **32.**

80

As you fall you realise you have not jumped out far enough, and your head hits the barge's tiller before you crash into the water. The last thing you ever see is the drunken faces of two men on the bridge waving poles at you and shouting:

"Tha's a big 'un! Le' see if we can catch i' . . . "

Then you black out and your lungs fill with water. A few minutes later, a bargee solemnly drags your dead body ashore, then walks upstream to the City of the Dead to tell the night watchman there is a job to do first thing in the morning.

81

Holding an iron rung with one hand, you reach down for the ladder with the other . . . and just manage to grab it. With the top rung of the ladder over your shoulder, you heave yourself up through the shaft, and come out on a corner of the roof, right beside the dome.

Turn to **54.**

82

Grudgingly, you pay up (remember to mark 1 Ship, 30 Smecks off on your Adventure Chart). Gulping down some wine, you go back to your conversation with the urchins, making sure not to mention the Shistin:

"Meadin . . . dunya tava . . . ourada gatta i Gilda Ro . . . o Purrul Stri . . . paswas drunka raccacha betadda no . . . " A brawny man at a nearby table sneers, "Oh, we are slummin' it today, ain't we?" The barman leans over to you:

"Do you mind not advertising meetings in other taverns, young man? . . . Least of all ones where you need passwords?" You apologise and ask him what you said.

"Sounds to me like you've got a meeting at the Golden Robe on Purple Street," he says. "At the hour of the Cat. And you've got a password, too: 'A drunken rat-catcher's better than none'."

Time to make yourself scarce, you think, and with a smile to the urchins you leave the tavern. Two hours to kill before the meeting starts, you realise . . .

Do you go down to the docks, hoping there will be no Gothmoi guards there? Turn to **8.**

Do you make for Purple Street straight away? Turn to **63.**

83

You can just make out the words in the gloom: "Though the Oracle speak in many Tongues, It hears but in the highest."

Turn to **104.**

84

You draw your weapons, but before you can order Glimroc to get over to the front door and open it, he snatches the glass jar and slips through a door into another room. By the time you get to the door he has locked it.

"So much the worse for him," you say to Jerret. "We'll take everything else. Now, let's see how we can let ourselves out . . . "

While you are sliding back the chains and bolts, and investigating the locks, there is a small creak behind you. Glimroc opens his door a few inches, then shuts it again. You set to work on the lock, but a strange buzzing sound fills the room, and you spin round to see terrifying little wasp-men whizzing through the air.

Lashing out at them with your weapons proves useless: they attack you again and again, slitting your skin with their tiny swords and lancing you with the devilish sting in their tails. Within minutes you both lie writhing and groaning on the floor, faces and hands cut to ribbons, their deadly poison coursing through your veins.

When you eventually leave Glimroc's, it is as corpses, handed over to Luko's guards for a handsome reward.

85

You turn to face six guards as they pour into the gallery, while the vulture patrols it from the air, beating its enormous wings and uttering fearsome cries.

If you have Marksmanship Skill, turn to **153.**

If not, turn to **62.**

86

Sensing you are within a few paces of Bazaar Street, you look round a corner and see right ahead of you a barricade of wooden scaffold-poles blocking your exit. Above it are the helmets of a dozen Gothmoi guards, and a serried rank of spears.

You quickly get back round the corner and tell the other men to stop where they are. Then you hear the voice of one of the guards behind the barricade:

"You'd think they'd've got 'em by now, wouldn't yer, with all those guards and Captain Azgurt givin' 'em orders?"

"Any ideas?" you whisper, but there is no reply.

If you and some of your men are wearing spiked helmets, and you also have Disguise or Persuasion Skill, turn to **67.**

Otherwise, turn to **25.**

87

A cat steals up towards you, drawn by the smell of fish. You silently scoop a small handful of hemp dust from the ground beside you, and, as the cat reaches you, flick the dust in its face.

The cat bounds off, leaps on to the wall right in front of the guard – and obligingly sneezes.

"Come on," the guard says after a few moments, "they musta taken a turnin' back there."

All ten barbarians head off the way you came.

You are free to come out from the hemp, and carry on through the maze on pages 38 and 39, returning to it at **203.**

88

As you near the gate, you see a dozen guards lined up in front of it, making sure you never escape that way.

Do you make for the tree which marks the outhouse? If so, turn to **28.**

Do you head through the trees to the wall nearest the docks? If so, turn to **119.**

89

As the hound breaks into a run you grab the pie from your haversack, pull the meat out and toss it to him. You are in luck – the hound has clearly had no food all night, for it instantly loses interest in you and sinks its fangs into the meat. You press on to the doorway, and soon you are standing just to the left of the steps.

Turn to **2.**

90

You spot a broken sailmaker's needle in the gutter, pick it up and make for the nearest chandler's shop. After a quick look round, you pick the padlock on the door and creep in, taking care to shut the door behind you.

You find the candles first, light one, and rummage through the shop till you find a dagger and a chest of sailor's clothes. You quickly get out of your sodden things, dry yourself down, and put on new clothes.

On your way to the door you spot a pile of haversacks. Throwing one over your shoulder, you grab some ship's biscuit from a barrel and head for the Fish Market.

As you reach the slums an overpowering smell of old fish tells you the glue workshops are nearby. No wonder it's called Stink Street, you think, as you totter gasping for breath into Fish Street, cross the bridge, cut through some alleys, and emerge on Purple Street. There, almost in front of you, is the Golden Robe tavern.

Mark the dagger, ship's biscuit and haversack on your Adventure Chart, and turn to **11.**

91

You look around you, taking stock of the hallway: in front of you is a huge stone staircase leading upwards. To the right is a heavy stone door with intricate carvings around it. To the left is a wooden door – open and with stairs leading downwards.

Do you go up the stone staircase? Turn to **186.**

Do you try opening the stone door? Turn to **132.**

Do you go through the open door? Turn to **112.**

92

You hurry on past the guard, but he hears you and spins on his heels to give chase. Soon he has caught up with you, and forces you into combat.

He strikes the first blow, and because he is out of the narrow alley, he makes full use of his double-handed sword and Fencing Skill, added to his 24 Strength Points and chainmail. You can try to flee after any round.

If you kill him, you can take his weapon: if you survive, you rejoin your men and carry on through the maze on pages 38 and 39, returning to it at **52.**

93

Kicking the spear out of reach while you hold your weapon to his throat, you make him an offer:

"Take me to The Horn, and live."

"Which horn?" he stammers.

"This is no time for joking," you say, pressing your weapon closer to his throat. You grab his keys from the lock as he leads you out of the room and down the corridor. "H . . . h . . . here," he stammers.

You hand him the keys and get him to open the door. You both step in, then you deal him a blow on the back

of the head, knocking him senseless to the floor. And now, you think as you grab the keys and torch, for The Horn.

Mark the keys as a hand-held item on your Adventure Chart, and turn to **15.**

94

You come round to find yourself in a sorry state. As you pick yourself up painfully from the ground, you realise you have been heavily beaten by the muggers, and cut in several places by the indifferent sword of the Gothmoi guard. You have lost 10 Strength Points, and have no weapons or money.

Mark these on your Adventure Chart, and turn to **121.**

95

A strange sight greets you inside: the tavern is full of people like the two you have just left. Poles with rats dangling from the top are stacked in the corners, vicious-looking little terriers are yapping around them, wishing they could get their teeth into the rats, and ruddy-faced men are reeling to and fro across the room. It looks every bit like a rat-catcher's convention.

A clever front for a Resistance meeting, you think, as you duck and weave your way to the bar.

"Is there a meeting here tonight?" you ask the barman, who cups his hand round his ear and shouts back, "Speak up, will ya – I'm a bit deaf!"

"Is there a meeting here tonight?" you scream.

"What does it look like?" he yells back.

You try another tack, and bellow: "Drunka raccacha bettada no . . . !"

The tavern falls deathly silent. Even the terriers seem to quieten down. You look around at the assembled faces, and none of them is in the least bit friendly. Several men are already reaching for their poles, and others untethering their terriers, when you notice a man beside you is merrily stuffing some dead rats deep into your haversack.

You've seen enough, you decide, and lunge for the tavern door, slamming it hard in the noses of the first terriers as you make the street and race down towards the bridge, a pack of terriers on your heels, closely followed by rat-catchers with their poles.

Do you try to get the rats out of your haversack and throw them to the terriers? Turn to **175.**

Do you keep on running? Turn to **20.**

96

Pulling the marbles out of the bag, you roll them all quietly in the direction of your pursuers, and press on . . . (Mark them off on your Adventure Chart).

You reach some steps, and stumble up them in the dark, when you hear a commotion behind:

"Whoops!"

"Blast!"

"Ow!"

"He's right here! Kill him."

Then you hear the screams of Gothmoi guards as they start to lash out at each other with their weapons. You hurry on, and soon reach a staircase.

Turn to **210.**

97

Carefully stepping round the stonework, you reach the far window, and part the curtains.

Right in front of you is an old man sipping a bowl of hot stew. He jumps up when he sees you, flinging the stew in your face: you jump back without thinking, and tumble to the ground below, losing 5 Strength Points (mark these on your Adventure Chart). Rubbing your knees, you pick yourself up while the old man curses you from above.

If you want to pay your Ship and go in through the front door, turn to **215.**

If you want to creep in without paying, turn to **115.**

98

You pull the jar from your haversack, open the door a few inches, and set the jar on the top step. You carefully take the cover off, and hear a loud buzzing sound . . . (Mark the jar off on your Adventure Chart).

You quickly shut the door again, and seconds later hear horrible screams from within. Out of a window beside you, dawn glows all too brilliantly.

Turn to **208.**

99

The guardhound breaks into a run, ears blown back, and you see its hideous fangs as it springs at you. With one swift, well-timed blow you fell it to the ground – but not before it lets out a low howl.

At the same instant, a guard appears from some nearby bushes and comes running towards you, spear at the ready.

If you are wearing the helmet and armour of a Gothmoi guard, turn to **74.**

If not, turn to **160.**

100

The conspirators start to discuss where to pick up a large number of torches, and you have time to eat an item of food from your haversack, if it holds any, giving you 10 more Strength Points (mark this on your Adventure Chart). Suddenly two men slip into the room through the door you came in by.

"Sssh! Gothmoi in the tavern," whispers one, while the other slides a solid wooden board across the door.

Everyone rises quickly but silently and hurries to the secret door which is at your end of the room.

"Rendezvous behind the corner of Sugar Street and Incense Lane," murmurs the leader. You are one of the first through to the privy, where you hear a creaking of wood in the dark and someone shoves you through a small hole in the wall.

You find yourself in a weaver's yard, with no sign of any guards. As more people join you, someone steals over to a door in the far wall, eases it ajar, then carefully shuts it again. He tip-toes back: "Four Gothmoi guards, and four more coming. Do we sit tight?"

He is answered by a sudden din from inside the tavern, and the clash of steel on steel. Not everyone got out.

You run to one end of the yard, searching for another door . . . and find one. It has the shape of a weaver's shuttle cut out of it. You look through: no guards, just a long flight of steps leading down from the door, and below them a maze of tiny alleys running between the white walls of a hundred weavers' yards.

"This way!" you call, opening the door and letting several men pass before going through yourself.

If you have Orientation Skill, and want to stop on the steps to study the maze while the men climb down, turn to **231.**

If not, turn to **130.**

101

Taking the first chance to get rid of any Gothmoi armour or clothing, you join revelling crowds on Allfathers and head down the steep slope to the great square below. From your vantage point you see it is packed with a great throng of people singing, dancing and drinking. No safer place than a crowd of people, you think.

As you reach the square, a minstrel jumps into your path and yells, "I heard The Horn! Let me tell you something!" and tries to grab you by the arm.

Do you side-step him and hurry on through the square? Turn to **118.**

Do you stop to find out what he wants? Turn to **146.**

102

You pull the grapnel out of your haversack, lower it down the shaft by its cord, then carefully hook it round the top rung of the ladder, and haul the ladder up on to the roof just as guards appear below the shaft.

Turn to **54.**

103

Using all your skill of disguise to hide your fear, you keep walking towards the barbarian guard. He opens his mouth to scream an order at you, but as you come within the light of his torch he sees your face and changes his mind, passing you with a grunt and a menacing gesture just to make you jump.

Turn to **134.**

104

Dodging a few rats that scurry around your feet, you go up to one of the figures, and read an inscription carved on the pouch: "A silver Ship, stranger, I beg: for none may pass from my door without they pay". There is a little slot in the pouch, too, you notice. Going over to the other figure, you find it the same in every detail.

Do you put a Ship in one of the pouches before stepping in? Turn to **215.**

Do you walk in without paying? Turn to **115.**

Do you try climbing the scaffolding so you can slip in through an upstairs window? Turn to **44.**

105

You have no trouble reading the words, which are in High Tongue. "The First Century" . . . "The Second Century" . . .

A horn for each century, you think . . . and today Salos is a thousand years old – so we are starting The Eleventh Century. You hurry along the rack and find a horn with that inscription, and look at the carving: it depicts a young man, strangely carrying a crescent moon over his shoulder, and beside him is a huge vulture perched on top of a building.

That must be the one, you think, and grab it.

Turn to **61.**

106

The weird sounds you recognise as Gutter Speak, of which you understand little. But one word stood out: "Shistin", the well-known backstreets name for the Resistance.

Months of learning lines in Master Melfi's troupe stand you in good stead now, and you repeat them again and again:

"Shistins meadin . . . dunya tava . . . ourada gatta i Gilda Ro . . . o Purrul Stri . . . paswas drunka raccacha betadda no . . ."

It's got to be about a Resistance meeting somewhere, you think. While you muse over the other words, you pass two street urchins in earnest conversation:

"Camin dunya tava?" says one, spitting with a marksman's aim between his companion's feet. Your ears prick up, and you ask them what he just said, but they understand you as little as you understand them.

"Dunya tava?" you repeat, and are amazed by the reaction. With shouts of glee they pick you up by each arm and frog-march you down an alley and round a corner to the nearest tavern, then hold the doors open for you.

I'm learning fast, you think: now I know what "down the tavern" is in Gutter Speak. It seems you have just offered to buy them a drink.

Do you decide to go in? If so, turn to **185.**

Do you try to shake them off? If so, turn to **195.**

107

You snatch up 4 Ships lying at the bottom of the steps (mark these on your Adventure Chart) and race back down the alley, with the Street Sharks close behind you.

If you have Orientation Skill, turn to **71.**

If not, turn to **48.**

108

The guard has 24 Strength Points, Fencing Skill, and chainmail armour, as well as the double-handed sword.

If you decide to attack him, turn to **227.**

If you choose to run on, turn to **92.**

109

You give Bortli his money, and he trudges off back to Friblik: "Thought I heard somethin', but there's nothin' there," he tells his mate, and they plod off the way they came. You wait until the guards are out of sight, then move on.

Return to **182** on the maze on pages 38 and 39.

110

You look around the room for a weapon: a gleam comes to your eyes as they settle on the chamber pot. A bit heavy being so full, you think, but never mind . . . Picking it up in both hands, you go back to the window. The Sharks are too absorbed in their pastime to notice you. A skilful swing of the arms and the pot describes a downward arc, keeping most of its contents till it shatters on the head of the Street Shark who was doing all the damage.

You race down the stairs and fling the front door open. One Shark has fled: the other lies spread-eagled in the street, and standing over him is the beggar, shaking his rags.

"Sorry about the mess," you say.

"No matter, no matter," the beggar says cheerfully. "Better filthy than dead, is what I always say. And thanks. . . . I'll do the same for you one day."

You set off along Smaerd Street.

Turn to **46.**

111

Leaving Glimroc and the dwarves' quarter, you both head back the way you came along Lock Street, then turn into the cliff road, and speed silently along the foot of the ramparts. But soon a shrill voice cries out from high above:

"Alarm! Alarm!"

You freeze in your tracks.

"Alarm! Alarm! Fire in the Temple!"

You get off the road and take the lanes between mansions of the new nobility towards the top of the stone quarries behind the temple. As you near the cliff's edge you notice an orange glow ahead . . . and it is not the glow of dawn. You follow the cliff until you reach Mask Street, and stop to see if Gothmoi are afoot. Scores of them are pouring down Mask Street, on foot and horseback. You let them pass. If you have an item of food in your haversack, you could eat it now, giving you 8 more Strength Points (mark the item off on your Adventure Chart).

As the last of the barbarians pound down the cliff road to the temple, you race across Mask Street and slip between more mansions till you reach Noble Way, and the high wall surrounding the Repository.

"Come and see your getaway point," says Jerret. You follow the wall till you come to a crumbling outhouse built into it. "This used to be a hut for mounted sentries, but it's abandoned now," he goes on. "I'll be in there with two horses. The roof's gone, so you can jump straight in over the Repository wall if you want. That tree can be your marker on the way out." He points to a tall tree across the road.

"I'll wait till half an hour after sunrise," Jerret adds. "If you're not back by then, I'll assume you haven't made it . . . but I'll leave a horse behind, just in case."

Your thoughts now turn to how you will get in: "Let's go and have a look at the gates," you say.

Turn to **27.**

112

You slip through the door, then bolt it shut behind you, plunging yourself into darkness. You feel your way down the stairs, almost tripping in the dark. Once at the bottom you make out a faint glow at the end of what seems to be a corridor to the right. You creep down it to the end, where it turns a corner. Spying round the corner you see another passage, and a few yards along it, an open doorway with a flickering light inside and the sound of rummaging going on. Is it the guard looking for torches?

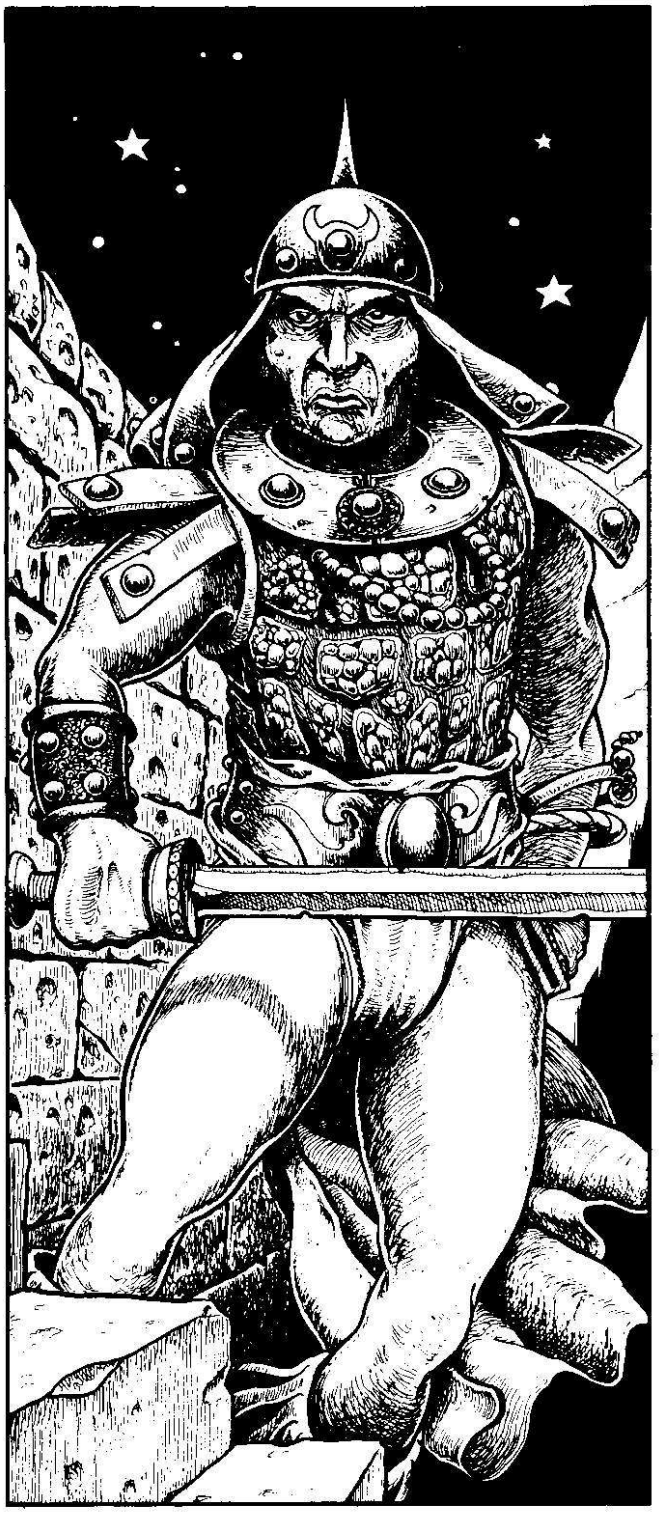
If you have Disguise Skill, turn to **129.**

If not, turn to **73.**

113

Using the slenderest dagger you can muster between you all, you tackle the padlock. At last it falls open, and you all hurry in, closing the door behind you.

It is pitch dark inside. You stumble forwards and feel a pile of cloth. A draper's shop, you think, and it must have a front entrance. Groping your way round the walls, you feel a door, but it will not open. Padlocked from the outside, you think, and carry on along the walls. At last



you find a shuttered window which opens from the inside. You unlatch it and cautiously look out.

To your delight, Bazaar Street stretches out in front of you, with no sign of any guard.

"Quick men, through the window," you whisper, just as the alley rings with the shout of a barbarian: "Where they gone then?"

You are the last one through, and carefully close the shutters again seconds before the guards burst into the shop, lunging at piles of cloth with their spears and swords.

Turn to **206.**

114

When you come round, you are in a guards' barracks, and a barbarian is ripping the clothes from your back, getting you ready for some pointed questioning. Then a guard sees the birthmark on your shoulder.

The next day, your body is dumped unceremoniously at the gates of the City of the Dead.

115

You steal in through the door, and find yourself in a dark hall. You half expect the iron grill to come crashing down behind you . . . but it does not move.

Turn to **187.**

116

As you wonder what to do next, you hear the sound of rummaging further down the corridor. Could it be the guard sent to look for torches? Has he got keys?

Just as you blow out your candle the guard steps out from another chamber and spots you.

"Intruder!" he yells. You race towards him, weapon drawn, and engage in combat – but he is soon joined by more guards. After a desperate struggle, you are cut to pieces.

117

"Within living memory still, King Rugil reigned over us, and had twin sons, Errian and Luko. Errian, being older, duly came to the throne on Rugil's death.

"But before long his reign was beset with troubles,

above all the constant raids by the barbaric Gothmoi tribes from over the mountains. He made his brother Luko Count of the East, with a large army to garrison our forts along the mountain frontier and keep the Gothmoi at bay. His greatest joy was his son Edrix, born about this time amid fierce arguments between the priests, though it was all kept a close secret. For Edrix had a birthmark on his shoulder the shape of a crescent moon, and some said it was a sign of an end to our troubles, and others that worse times were yet to come.

"And lo . . . worse times did come, for though Luko's strength in the mountains grew, so too did the Gothmoi raids. It was rumoured he was in league with them."

The story-teller lowers his voice to a whisper, and his audience leans forward:

"Then came last year's tragedy at the palace. The official story we all know: king, queen, young prince and all their servants were burned to death in a terrible 'accidental' fire that swept through the palace on that fateful night, and Luko returned to take the throne, surrounded by his Gothmoi guards.

"But sinister coincidences surrounded that accident. Some of Luko's personal guard were seen in the City the day before, dressed as goatherds. What's more, an even stranger coincidence was reported yesterday," says the story-teller amid a buzz of excitement. "But to hear that is another 20 Smecks from everyone."

Several pickpockets spring to their feet and hurry off to urgent business in the bazaar, followed by as many men who seem keen to show them their daggers.

If you want to pay to hear the end of the blind man's tale, mark the money off on your Adventure Chart and turn to **193.**

If you decide to leave now, turn to **127.**

118

"So did I!" you yell back as you press on into the square. Just as you join the throng, a man in a mask spins his dancing partner round and into your arms: "Have a dance with my wife for a minute!" he shouts cheerfully, and the next thing you know she has grabbed your hand and dragged you in among the dancers, while her husband hurries off.

"Where's he off to?" you shout in her ear.

"Gone to the privy – too much wine!" she calls back, spinning you round and round. A few seconds later, you turn to see two mean-looking men pushing through the crowd towards you. They're not coming to dance, you think . . .

You let go of your partner and turn to lose yourself in the crowd, but too late – three more grim-faced men are pressing towards you from the other side.

All at once, five daggers sink into your body, and you slump dead to the ground.

119

You reach the wall, but shouts from behind tell you that guards are following. You gaze up.

If you have the grapnel and Marksmanship Skill, turn to **205.**

If you only have the grapnel, turn to **166.**

If you have neither, turn to **133.**

120

You hurry down the corridor, trying doors at random with every key. You find a room full of drums, another of flutes, when a resounding crash comes from down the corridor. Within minutes Gothmoi guards overpower you, and fell you lifeless to the ground, amid a clang of bells.

121

Making your way through the slums again towards Purple Street, you slip across Sugar Street and turn down a lane. You grow uneasy: the lane is very long, and has no turnings. At last you see one ahead, but just as you reach it a Gothmoi guard swings out of it and marches towards you.

If you are disguised as an older man, turn to **53.**

If not, turn to **176.**

122

You climb the steps and press yourself against the wall. Summoning your voice skills, you imitate the guard:

"Hey, Affrod, old Iron-Pants wants to see yer. Do us a favour an' make 'im wait."

Quickening footsteps approach the doorway, and a moment later the Warmaster is standing in the porch, his back to you, with mailed fist raised as he peers into the shadows of dawn, looking for the insubordinate

guard. He is tall, carries a double-handed sword, and is heavily armoured – but without a helmet.

You leap forward to strike him with all your might on the back of the neck. As you do so he turns, but too late to parry your blow. He tumbles dead down the steps amid a great clatter of iron. You rush through the door.

Turn to **91.**

123

Taking out the marbles, you ease the door open and let them fall onto the steps.

"What's that sound?" you hear a guard shout as the marbles start bouncing down towards them.

You slam the door shut, and while cursing and swearing comes from within, you lock it. Turning from the door, you notice that out of a window beside you, dawn glows all too brilliantly.

Turn to **208.**

124

The barbarian hesitates for a moment, but you smile as he scurries off down to the vaults. You race on around the outer wall to the spiral staircase.

Turn to **184.**

125

You are still clawing and heaving at the door when the guards mount the staircase. Seconds later, spears nail you to the door, and the last thing you ever hear is the horn shattering on the steps, along with all your hopes.

126

Looking down the shaft, you see the guards brandishing their weapons, itching to get at you. Taking the glass jar from your haversack, you hold it over the shaft and pull off the cover as you drop it.

Jeers from the Gothmoi soon change to screams as they lash out in vain against the weird creatures you have loosed on them. Within a minute, all you see at the bottom of the shaft is abandoned weapons lying on the marble. You creep down the shaft, and drop to the floor.

Guards lie groaning all along the gallery, faces and hands slashed as if by razors, and pitted with deep holes where the creatures injected their poison. You run on to the spiral staircase, but you hear guards coming up it, and judging by their determined yells, they have not been met by the wasp-men.

You hurry back a few paces to the ivy, stumbling over an archer's bow and quiver, and look out. The giant vulture is circling the building . . .

Do you try and climb down the ivy? Turn to **4.**

If you have the grapnel, you can try letting yourself down with it. Turn to **223.**

If you stand your ground to face the guards, turn to **85.**

127

You wander on through the streets, lost in sombre thoughts. The people of Salos have lived for a year now under Luko's reign of terror – while you hide, guarding the secret that you escaped the flames, and hoping against hope that your time will come.

Crossing Parade Street, you walk through the slums and into the Southern Bazaar. There seems to be more hustle and bustle than usual, you think, then a scuffle breaks out beyond some stalls ahead. Curiosity takes you towards it, but an old man tugs at your arm:

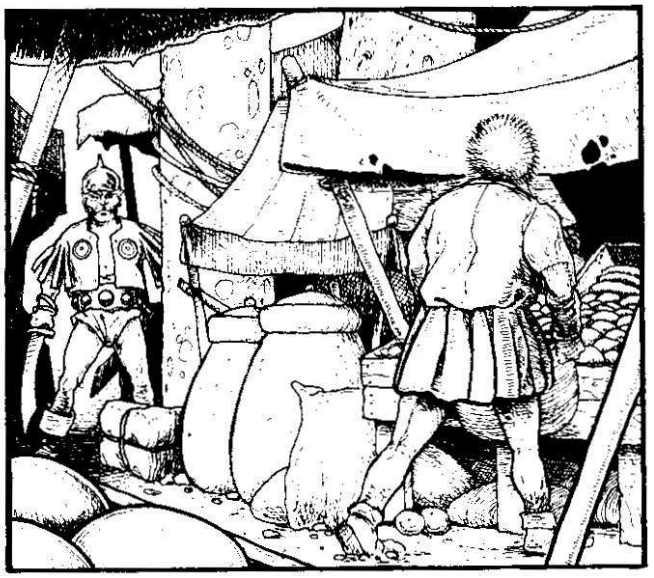
"Bazaar's swarming with Gothmoi guards," he tells you, "and they're searching every young man they can find. Looking for a birthmark on the shoulder . . . shape of a crescent moon or something . . . going to kill anyone who's got it, they say, and killing anyone who resists!"

So they know I'm alive, you think, and hurry away through the crowds, but as you reach a fruit stall by the walls of the bazaar you see a Gothmoi guard closing in on you.

If you have Tumbling Skill, and want to use it, turn to **19.**

If you have Marksmanship Skill, and want to use it, turn to **145.**

Otherwise, you must turn to fight the guard. He carries a sword and leather armour, and has 25 Strength Points but no special skills. You strike the first blow, and after any round of combat can try to escape through a nearby gate, remembering that the guard will strike a blow as you turn. Should you kill the guard, you can take his sword, marking it on your Adventure Chart. If you get through the gate, turn to **229.**



128

Suddenly you remember the mask in your pocket. How handy you think, and put it on, then head through the Festival, dancing and laughing, towards the sailors' quarter. You take a short cut down a backstreet, and have gone only a few steps when you see two guards ahead, coming your way.

Nothing to fear now, you think, and walk right past them, but a guard slows his pace, then spins round and shouts: "He was in the weavers' yards last night!"

You must fight the two guards at once, combining their Combat Totals. Each has a sword and 21 Strength Points, but no armour or skills, and you strike the first blow. You can try to flee after any round.

If you escape, you must decide where to go:
Do you head for the Galley Becalmed? Turn to **232.**

Do you make for the Voyager's Rest? Turn to **78.**

129

You decide to fake the Warmaster's voice: "How many torches have you got?" you call from the shadows.

"Four, Warmaster!" shouts the guard with a start.

"They need eight, so keep looking."

You pause for thought in the shadows while the rummaging continues. Then you have a brainwave:

"Try the Horn Chamber!"

"Yes, Warmaster."

You hastily retreat round the corner. The glow brightens. You hear the rattle of keys, and to your relief the guard's footsteps grow fainter. Another rattle of the keys and a door creaks open. You creep up to the doorway, dagger in hand, and make ready to peer round. But at the same instant you hear the boom of someone banging on the wooden doorway above. The guard hears it too and turns from his search to leave the chamber. You flatten yourself against the corridor wall. As he steps out, your left hand claps over his mouth and your dagger slices his throat. Only a gurgle, and he falls limp in your arms. You pick up his torch, grab the keys from the lock, and dive into the Horn Chamber . . .

Mark the keys as a hand-held item on your Adventure Chart, and turn to **15.**

130

You race down the steps and muster everyone before they scurry off in all directions. "Stick together. We're facing Gothmoi in numbers. Now follow me!"

You lead the Resistance men through the maze towards Bazaar Steet.

On the following pages you will find a map of the maze. You must start at the point marked **Blackbird Court** at the bottom of the map, and using your finger, trace a route through the alleys to one of the two named exits.

Each time you come to a number in the maze, turn to the paragraph in the text bearing the same number. The text will tell you what you encounter, and how to deal with it.

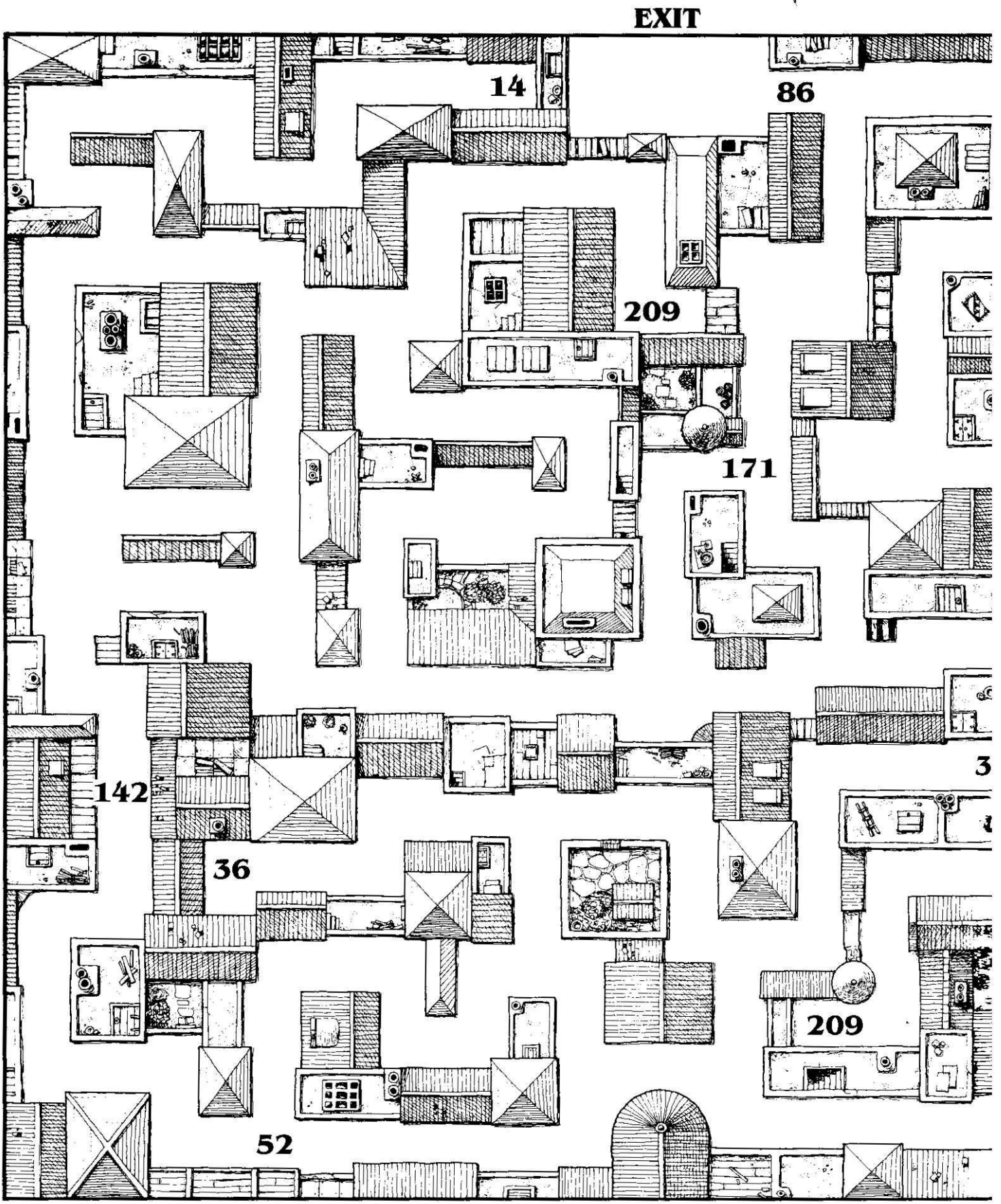
You cannot back-track on the map unless the text tells you that you can.

131

Soon you come out on Incense Lane, cross it quickly, and press on through the scented backstreets of the spice-merchants' quarter till you reach Bazaar Street. Crossing over, you head for Purple Street through a maze of alleys between weavers' yards.

If you have Orientation Skill, turn to **26.**

If not, turn to **216.**


EXIT
14
86
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142
36
3
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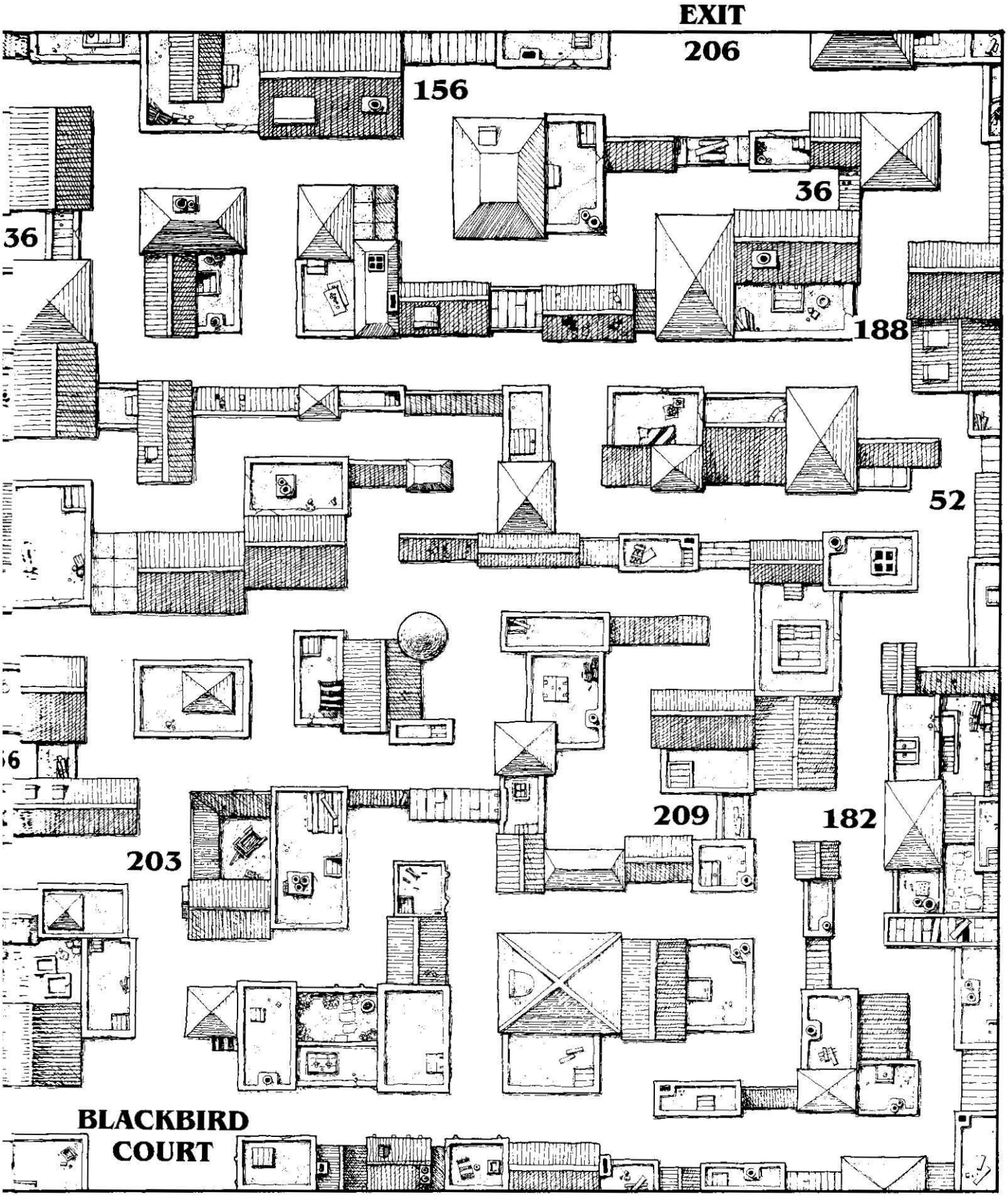
52


EXIT
206
156
36
36
188
52
209
182
203
BLACKBIRD
COURT

132

You go up to the door and find it has no handle or knob. You heave on it with all your might, but it is solid as a stone wall. You look up at an inscription carved above the door in strange, ancient characters . . .

If you have High Tongue, turn to **218.**

If not, you must abandon the stone door:
Do you go up the stone staircase? Turn to **186.**

Do you go through the open door? Turn to **112.**

133

The stones are rough enough to give you footholds to the top. You start climbing, but your weary arms hardly have the strength to lift you, and your progress is desperately slow.

You are half-way up when an arrow zips into your back – and then another. You fall to the ground, and die where you fall.

134

Hurrying along the alley for fear more guards should come on the scene, you make for the path along the river, then follow it downstream, heading for the bridge at Fish Street. You reach the bridge without meeting any more guards, duck down an alley which brings you out onto Purple Street, and there in front of you is the Golden Robe tavern.

Turn to **11.**

135

Without a word, Jerret leads you across Sugar Street and through the slums towards the dwarves' quarter around Lock Street, under the granite cliffs of the Citadel. You are grateful for the silence: so much has happened, and so fast, that you need time to reflect on your mission.

Soon you are both across Moon Street,then Bread Street, and veer right to join Bakers Lane. You hold back to see if anyone is abroad, and spot two watchmen approaching, headed no doubt for the Watch headquarters up the road. You wait for them to pass . . .

"What a night eh, Friblik? Anuvver day older, and not a Smeck better off. Still, I'm free wiv what little I 'ave: let me stand yer a jar at the Golda Rose 'fore we check in."

Do you hide in the shadows, and let them pass? Turn to **181.**

Do you attack them? If so, turn to **70.**

136

You creep silently towards the Repository, but as soon as you reach the flagstones, you hear a low growl off to your left. Your head spins to see the black shape of a guardhound loping towards you with teeth bared.

Do you draw your weapon, and advance on the beast to fight it? Turn to **99.**

Do you stand your ground, hand on weapon, and wait to see what happens? Turn to **37.**

137

You draw what weapons you have and rush at the Street Shark. In the same instant his victim rolls nimbly to one side. It's a trap, you realise, as the mugger turns his attentions on you while more Sharks loom out of the shadows, daggers at the ready, and the victim takes his ground behind you, hemming you in at the top of the steps.

If you want to flee, turn to **214.**

If you want to flee, and have Tumbling Skill, turn to **57.**

If you want to stand and fight, turn to **219.**

If you want to stand and fight, and have Streetfighting Skill, turn to **33.**

138

These thoughts are soon interrupted by the sound of a guard clambering on to the roof behind. You turn to fight him, but already another has joined him. Despite your brave resistance, you are pushed back by ever more guards to the edge of the roof, and as you dodge a halberd thrust, topple backwards over the edge . . .

Turn to **165.**

139

You are still desperately trying to batter the door down when the guards turn the last corner behind you.

They advance at a rush, led by those with spears and halberds, and four of you lie dead before striking a blow. They retreat a few steps, then repeat the carnage. Soon you are slaughtered to the last man.

140

You swim out into the harbour as fast as you can, then turn to see who the intruder was. What looks like a fisherman with a lamp is standing by the rudder shouting at you, but sailors are already running along the quayside towards the boat.

In desperation you keep swimming further out into the harbour, then a current starts pulling you towards the Southern Docks. Saving your strength till you are close to a big stone quay, you make a final effort and swim to some steps set into the quay wall. There you rest a while: you have lost 10 Strength Points, and realise you have lost your weapons in the harbour (mark this on your Adventure Chart). You climb the steps, trudge dripping along the waterfront, and turn into Customs Street, which is full of chandlers' shops and sailmakers' yards, all locked up for the night.

If you have Thieving Skill, turn to **90.**

If not, turn to **24.**

141

You leap from the top of the steps just as the door bursts open, and land on all fours. You spring to your feet, and for a split second hear a throbbing sound behind you before a spear sinks deep into your back.

A final twist of the spear from a guard cuts short the last words you utter: "Right, then left . . ."

142

The stomach-turning smell of a night-soil cart, which has clearly visited a thousand reeking privies tonight, assails your nostrils as you turn the corner. Two men are pushing it in your direction, and it is very nearly as wide as the alley.

You go up to them and plead: "Gothmoi guards are after us. Please pull it to one side and let us squeeze by."

"Any victim of the Gothmoi's a friend of ours," a cheery voice replies, and you hold your breath as you shuffle past. But the first Resistance man to try squeezing past gets stuck, and has to wriggle his way back.

"If he can't get by, nor can I," mutters another. "Nor me," says another grimly, "and I'm not climbing it!"

"Well, help us get it back to a little square we just passed," offers the night-soil man. "But don't push too hard: we're full to overflowing!"

No one volunteers to push, but their doubts vanish when they hear the sound of mounted guards behind.

"Not so hard!" you mutter as a generous bucketful slops over the cart close to your head. Seconds later a muffled groan comes from the other side of the cart, cut short by a resounding splat.

"Elbus's slipped face-first into that lot," someone says, with more than a hint of satisfaction in his voice.

You leave the cart and run ahead to the small square.

Three alley-ways lead off it: a two-in-three chance at best of shaking the horsemen off, you think . . .

You run back to the cart, which you can hear approaching by the sound of many squelching feet. As it reaches the square, and the night-soil men make themselves scarce, you have a daring idea for routing the horsemen.

"Get the cart out of sight round this corner," you tell the men. "Ten of you, get your shoulders behind it, and heave for your life when I give the word. The rest, stay with me behind this corner . . . and don't go anywhere whatever I say."

If you have Persuasion Skill, turn to **213.**

If not, turn to **45.**

143

You reach the bottom of the stone steps before the guards emerge above you, and see that the wooden door with steps leading down is still open . . .

Turn to **112.**

144

"I am Prince Edrix," you announce boldly. "I didn't die in the palace fire but have been hiding here in Salos since . . ."

Your voice is cut short by low laughter and impatient swearing, and you feel any weapons you have sliding from you. (Remember to mark these off on your Adventure Chart.)

"If you're Prince Edrix then I'm King Rugil," someone murmurs, to some more muted laughter.

"Tie him up, gag him, and shove him in the privy," a commanding voice says casually. "We'll deal with him later if there's time."

If you have Persuasion Skill, and want to try using it, turn to **192.**

If not, turn to **75.**

145

"Rock-hard and small, these melons!" you hear someone complain as the guard pushes through the crowd towards you. Crouching low, you grab a melon and spy round people's shoulders: you can see the guard's head turning this way and that. You wait till you see the back of it, then hurl the melon with all your might and skill. It bursts as it hits him, and his head drops from view.

"See what I mean?" the same voice drones on. "Takes a Gothmoi's head to open one of these."

You slip through the crowd to a nearby gate, and out of the bazaar.

Turn to **229.**

146

He puts his mouth to your ear and says: "I can almost see it, too. The square's riddled with Silent Watchers, mostly in masks. And they know what they're looking for . . . a young man with a haversack. So ditch it!"

It suddenly dawns on you no one else will be dancing in the streets with a haversack over their shoulder.

"But I can't . . . what's in it is too precious!"

"Then come with me," says the minstrel, grabbing you by the arm and leading you into an alley off the square. "Give me the haversack," he says. "I'll hide it under my cloak, and get it somewhere safe."

You decide to trust him: after all, he has probably just saved your life. "Take it to Master Melfi's on Smaerd Street," you say, "and put it under the mattress in my room: first floor, facing the street. And thank you!"

The minstrel hurries off with your haversack and you press on through the backstreets to Parade Street, which is as packed as the square.

If you are dressed in the scarlet costume of a Glorubian balladeer, turn to **128.**

If not, turn to **200.**

147

You fell him in one blow, then pick up his torch. If you want to take his spear, you can do so, remembering to keep within your weapon limit. As you leave the chamber, you grab the keys he left in the lock, and set off in search of The Horn. (Mark the keys as a hand-held item, and the spear if you take it, on your Adventure Chart.)

The torchlight shows that the corridor is lined with many doors, each of which has an inscription carved on it in strange symbols.

If you have High Tongue, turn to **179.**

If not, turn to **120.**

148

You draw your weapon, and as the guard appears on the steps you attack him, felling him in one blow – but at the same instant the Warmaster bursts through the doorway, wielding a double-handed sword. You must now fight him to the death: he strikes the first blow, has mail and plate, 24 Strength Points, and Fencing Skill.

If you win, you can take his sword, remembering to mark it on your Adventure Chart and keep within your weapon limit, and go through the door. Turn to **91.**

149

The old beggar is being pinned to your front door by one Street Shark while the other lays into him with boot and fist. Both Sharks are carrying daggers on their belts.

If you have Marksmanship Skill, and want to tackle them from your window, turn to **110.**

If you want to fight them on the street, turn to **207.**

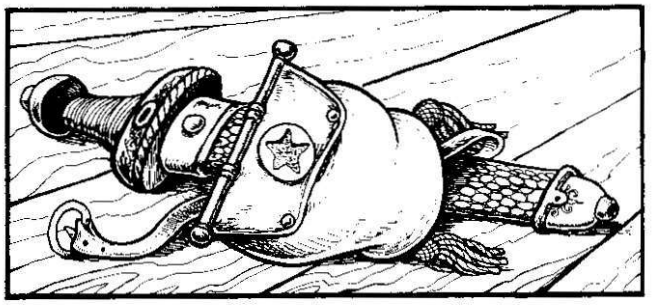
150

With no sign of anyone on the street, you cross and go up to the tavern. After taking a deep breath, you lift the latch, and open the door.

The sight that faces you is not what you expected. The tavern is in virtual darkness, and deserted – except for the tavern-keeper, cleaning goblets in the light of a lamp behind the bar. It seems a full minute before you reach the bar and whisper: "Evening." The barman returns the greeting.

You clear your throat. "I suppose a drunken rat-catcher's better than none, isn't he?"

"Well put, sir. I expect you've come for the meeting in the Snug Bar, haven't you?" Then, looking down pointedly at the small pool of water collecting at your feet, he asks, "It's not raining out there, is it?"



You explain your narrow escape from a press gang.

"Well I'm sorry, but you're not going through to the Snug in that state. Tell you what, though. Come round the back with me and you can borrow some old clothes while I dry yours by the fire." You follow him round to the back.

"There'll be a deposit of one Ship, of course," the man says as he offers you a grubby-looking set of clothes, "but don't worry, you'll get it back on the way out."

If you decide to pay the Ship and change into the dry clothes, the tavern-keeper tells you to go along a passage to the Snug. Mark the money off on your Adventure Chart, and turn to **79.**

If you cannot or will not pay, turn to **64.**

151

Turning round, you see a stone staircase in front of you, and run towards it just as the first guards burst through the door.

"Intruder!" a guard screams as you rush up the steps.

Before you can reach the top, more guards appear ahead. You draw your weapons as guards edge menacingly towards you from above and below. . .

You perish from a dozen sword-strokes, staining the steps red.

152

"Now back to the job in hand," the leader goes on. "We've studied the problem for weeks, and the key to success is getting into the Repository unnoticed. This should be quite easy: we're using all our men to create a big diversion in another part of Salos, which'll pull all of Luko's guards away from the Repository. Well, almost all.

"We've a contact in the guards' kitchens who regularly slips the guard inside the Repository gates a flagon of wine after the last guard change of the night – at the hour of the Wolf. Tonight the wine'll be spiked, so you should have no trouble getting past him. . ."

"Me?" you ask, astonished.

"Oh yes, you. In the Resistance we work best as a team, so we'll concentrate on the diversion. You're young, fit, and obviously used to working under cover on your own. Otherwise you couldn't have survived in Salos for a year, or found us, could you?

"Jerret here will help get you kitted out with Orrin Glimroc the dwarf, and stay with you as far as the Repository gates. He'll also have a horse ready outside the walls to get you away."

"Where will I find The Horn?" you ask.

"In the Repository," he replies. "We're not sure exactly where it's kept, but it's a big horn, and it's definitely there."

"Do I have any choice about this mission?" you ask, provoking more murmurs around the room.

"You should have asked that before I revealed all our plans," the leader snaps. "Frankly, no . . . not now. Take a seat while we sort out final details on the diversion. We'll discuss tomorrow morning's rendezvous later. Oh, and give him back any weapons you took from him."

Do you take a seat in the gloom at the back of the room? If so, turn to **100.**

Do you pick a seat by the table? If so, turn to **43.**

153

You snatch up the bow, lay the quiver on the wall beside you, and shoot arrow after arrow into your attackers. They beat a retreat below the steps, but then two archers appear in their place . . .

You jump up between two pillars to give yourself some cover and loose your last arrow, but one archer remains, notching his bow . . .

Turn to **165.**

154

You stand inside the door, and feel a tingling sensation in your feet. The rumbling starts again, and you turn to see the door close behind you. You are in total darkness.

If you have the tinder-box Glimroc offered you, turn to **173.**

If not, turn to **51.**

155

"Than'you vu'much . . . vu'kind, vu'kind," the magician says graciously. "Bidda truvvle witha worze t'night."

"We're all in trouble tonight," you say. "We're trying to get out of this maze with barbarians coming at us from every direction."

"Ah!" says the magician, "thaz a joffor me! Where d'you wannago?"

"Bazaar Street."

He shuts his eyes, yodels a bit with his mouth shut, then bursts into song, this time holding his staff to the stars: "Traspril frizkrish ankrig algri gudlibin . . . hic . . . thrudar switlibrul bazustrich!"

You hear a faint whistling sound overhead, which rapidly grows louder, then suddenly a shower of fish rains down on all of you.

"Blasht! Blasht!" curses the magician, "juzz gimme wummore try!"

If you wait for him to have one more try, turn to **59.**

If you hurry on down the alley, return to the maze on pages 38 and 39 at **171.**

156

A window opens above you and a weaver in his nightcap leans out. "We're the Resistance," you call to him. "How can we get to Bazaar Street?"

"Wait!" he calls back, and disappears only to reappear at the door in front of you. "Quick, in you get!"

You all file into the house: he leads you through to the front door, out of which you all pour onto Bazaar Street.

Turn to **206.**

157

You hastily snatch up 4 Ships lying at the bottom of the steps and speed back down the alley. (Mark the money on your Adventure Chart.) Hot on your heels are the mugger and his victim too, and behind them more Street Sharks, one of them brandishing a sword.

That wasn't a mugging at all but a trap, you realise, and you fell into it.

If you have Orientation Skill, turn to **71**.

If not, turn to **48**.

158

He can't swing that double-handed sword in such a narrow alley, you realise. The guard has 24 Strength Points, Fencing Skill which he cannot use here, though you can if you have it, and chainmail armour.

If you decide to attack him, you call out, "Die, barbarian!" and rush him. Turn to **227**.

If you choose to run on, turn to **92**.

159

Jerret knocks quietly, using a rhythm that must be some kind of code. You try to memorise it for future use, but in vain.

"Who's there?" a voice calls from inside.

"Jerret."

"Never heard of you!"

You look at Jerret in surprise. He smiles: "Don't worry. Glimroc's paranoid – we go through this routine every time." Then he calls to Glimroc: "I've found a ring in the Bazaar with your name on it. I've come to return it!"

"What does it say on it?"

Jerret puts his lips to the keyhole and whispers, "Cormilg Nirro, and I'm with someone who needs fitting out."

Several seconds pass before you hear bolts being drawn, then the rattle of keys inside. The door creaks open a few inches, until it is stopped by two stout doorchains. In the gap is a lamp, level with your waist, and just above it the head of Glimroc, with flowing moustache and bushy beard.

"Stay where you are," he says, undoing the door chains. Then he opens the door, walks out straight past you, and stops, peering into the night. You think he must be extremely short-sighted till you realise he is checking that nobody followed you.

"Show me this ring then," he says loudly, and ushers you in.

"This man needs a few things to help him climb a building, find something in it, and shake off Gothmoi," says Jerret to the rattle of chains, locks and bolts.

"Always pleased to do business with you fine men," says Glimroc. "It looks as if you've been in the wars tonight: can I interest you first in a salve for those cuts and bruises?"

If you want to use the salve, turn to **56**.

If not, turn to **221**.

160

"Intruder!" he calls. You stand your ground, weapon at the ready, but although you land a blow on him as he reaches you, other guards rush out of the Repository and sink their spears into your belly. As you lie on the flagstones, staining them red with your blood, a commanding voice calls out: "Finish him!" They are the last words you ever hear.

161

You know there are no taverns in the nearest stretch of Purl Street, so you head for the far end by a roundabout route to keep well clear of the Watch headquarters. Picking your way through slums and ruined temples, you cross Stoneway and join the path along the river.

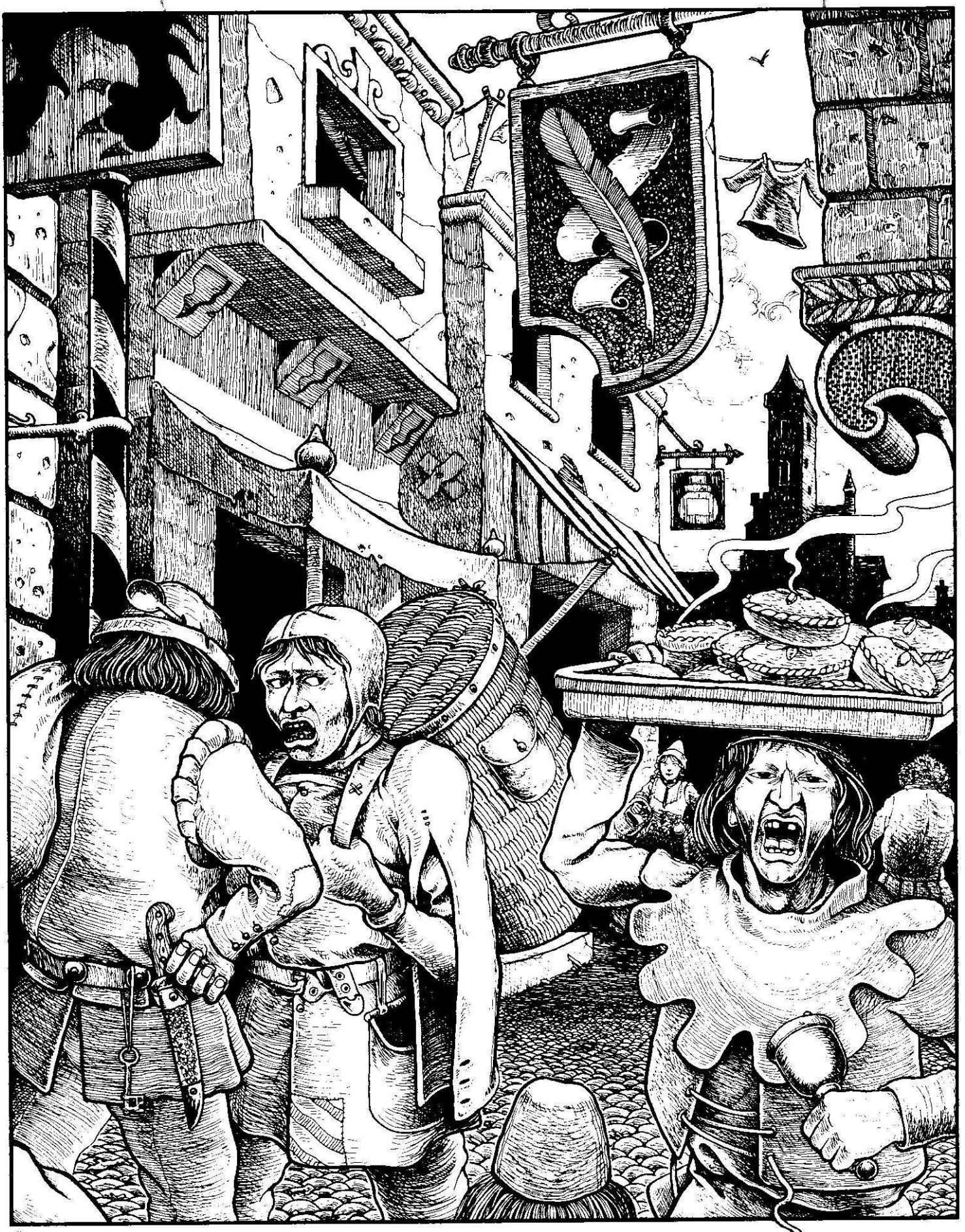
It turns out to be deserted. Soon you have gained the Purl Street bridge, and within a few yards you come across what must be the end of your search: the Golden Rose tavern.

You are about to go in when two strange figures tumble out of the tavern and head towards you with reeling gait. They are two men with red faces and dressed in rags, who seem to be trying to prop themselves up with long poles, from which hang several dead rats. You decide to try your cryptic Gutter Speak message on them:

"Gilda Ro . . ., o Purrul Stri . . .?" you ask.

"Yurr, Yurr," one of them answers emphatically, letting go of his pole with one hand to turn and point a flailing arm at the Golden Rose. This tricky manoeuvre proves too much for him, and he crashes to the ground.

His companion, not sure if you have just attacked his



friend, grips his pole with both hands and stares at you with wandering eyes, waiting for your next cunning move.

"Paswas drunka raccacha bettada no . . ." you say. For a second his face loses all expression, if it had any, and then he rallies with a burst of slurred laughter.

"Tha's a good passwor'," he says, then grabbing your shoulder for further support, "b'sure to tell 'em all tha' i' the Golda Rose."

As you reach the door of the tavern, you look back to see your informants leaning over the bridge, pointing their poles down at the water, rats dangling off the end, in a vain attempt at catching some fish.

You open the tavern door, and go in.

Turn to **95.**

162

You clamber up the shaft and climb out to find you are on a corner of the roof, right beside the dome. You wonder how long you have before your pursuers reach you . . .

If you have the grapnel, turn to **102.**

If not, turn to **54.**

163

In the last few yards of its run the guardhound stops snarling, loses interest and pads off past you. You cannot believe your luck. Then you realise . . . the stinking armour! The hound thinks you're the guard! With new confidence you make for the doorway, and soon you are standing just to the left of the steps.

Turn to **2.**

164

You are still thinking hard of how to contact the Resistance when you cross the path of a street pedlar selling goat-meat pies and ringing his bell. As you step aside you pass within inches of two shifty-looking men and hear one of them muttering strange but vital words:

"Shistins meadin . . ." CLANG! " . . . dunya tava . . ." CLANG! " . . . ourada gatta i Gilda Ro . . ." CLANG! " . . . o Purrul Stri . . ." CLANG! ". . . paswas drunka raccacha betadda no . . .," CLANG!

You turn round to hear more, but the men have melted away by the time the pedlar has passed.

If you want, you can catch up with the pedlar and buy two meat pies for 60 Smecks, eating one on the street to give you 5 more Strength Points, and putting one in your haversack (mark this on your Adventure Chart).

Then, if you have Gutter Speak, turn to **212.**

If not, turn to **106.**

165

A colossal jolt shakes you and you feel a stabbing pain in both shoulders. So this must be what death feels like, you think, as you see a picture of the Repository grounds floating by much as a bird would see it, and people pouring out of their houses on to the streets.

Then you notice a heavy beating sound, and looking sideways you see huge, black, flapping wings. The dream goes on . . . Ahead in the distance you see the docks, and then it seems you are coming down to the ground just outside the Repository walls.

Another jolt and you are standing in the Street of the Brothers. It all feels so solid. You look up, and a giant vulture is beating its way up into the sky . . .

This was no dream, you realise.

Do you hurry to the outhouse on Noble Way? If so, turn to **50.**

Do you head straight for the docks? Turn to **101.**

166

You unravel a length of cord and swing the grapnel round your head before hurling it at the top of the wall – but you miss. After several vain attempts to lodge it on the top of the wall, you abandon it, and try to climb . . .

Turn to **133.**

167

A few seconds later and both rat-catchers and their terriers fall upon you. Drawing what weapons you have, you hold the rat-catchers at bay, but nothing stops the dogs. Soon they have pulled you to the ground, and are tearing at your clothes.

Then two Gothmoi guards arrive on the scene, attracted by the noise, and at spear-point make the rat-

catchers call off the dogs.

But your reprieve is short-lived. "Just look what we 'ave 'ere," sneers one of the guards, seeing your shoulder through your tattered clothes. "That's a crescent-moon birthmark if ever there was."

"So it is," says his companion. "Better let the dogs carry on then, hadn't we?"

"Oh, no," comes the reply. "Can't 'av'em eating the evidence, can we?" A spear is driven through your ribs, and your adventure is over.

168

The sailors disarm you, pull the haversack off your back and bind your hands behind you with the rope.

"Tough young fella, ain't you?" taunts one of the sailors as they drag you along the quayside to the Royal docks. "Well, save yer strength, lad. You'll need it all when you're chained to one o' them great oars on King Luko's galleys."

You are dragged up the gangplank of a galley and introduced to your new way of life, with the ropes round your wrists exchanged for irons, chaining you with four other wretches to a giant oar.

Two pain-racked years later, a thin, hunch-backed body is tossed overboard to feed the fish.

169

You reach some steps, and stumble up them in the dark, but while you are still fumbling with the bolts of a wooden door, spears nail you to it. The last thing you ever hear is the horn shattering on the steps, along with all your hopes.

170

You explain to your hushed audience how you escaped the fire at the palace, and went into hiding as a player in Master Melfi's troupe until the secret of your birthmark was discovered.

"Now the story is being told on every street corner," you go on, "and barbarian guards are out in force stopping every young man to check his shoulder.

"Overthrowing Luko will be no easy matter, as you well know. All the people in this room will count for nothing against the might of his guards, and the cunning of his Silent Watchers.

"But with the people of Salos on your side, it's just possible. And if anything could spur them to mass revolt, it's the news that the true heir to the Throne of Salos has been found."

You hear a ripple of murmured debate go round the room: "I heard about this near the bazaar this morning," a voice says, "and saw the guards stopping young men to search for the birthmark. It's supposed to be the shape of a crescent moon." You go on:

"As for me, I want to see the downfall of Luko as much as anyone, if not more. My life's worth nothing if the guards find me, and I'll take any risks to help."

Silence follows, then more feverish talk. "Let's see your birthmark," says the leader, turning you round and pulling the clothes from your shoulder. A buzz of excitement fills the room as they see the crescent moon.

If you have Gutter Speak, turn to **77**.

If you do not, turn to **18**.

171

You hear a commotion in front of you, and strange garbled words, the like of which you have never heard before. Peering round the corner of a house, you see three guards using a sword and spears to goad a tottering old man with long, silver hair and flowing cloak who is trying to keep them at bay with a gnarled stick.

"Fwuj driddle friskishgrij brark . . . hic . . ." the old man intones, "grugrugrug . . . grug shubber . . . ouch!" The spear is jabbed in his ribs again by a leering guard.

"That's Tugbrol the magician," someone whispers in your ear. "He's trying to get out of it with a spell, but he's downed so much wine tonight he can't get his tongue round it."

Do you decide to rescue him? If so, turn to **3**.

Do you bide your time, waiting till the guards have done their worst and moved on? If so, turn to **65**.

172

You steal back into Master Melfi's and make for the costumes closet. There is precious little in it: almost everything has been taken for today's performances. Just one set of clothes remains: the scarlet costume of a Glorubian balladeer, complete with hooded cloak, and with a mask tucked into the pocket. (Mark it on your

Adventure Chart if you decide to change into it.)

Turning from the closet, you spot an old sword and scabbard in a corner of the room. You pick up the sword and wield it: it seems serviceable enough. (If you decide to take the sword and hang it on your belt, mark it on your Adventure Chart.)

If you have Disguise Skill, and want to use it, turn to **69**.

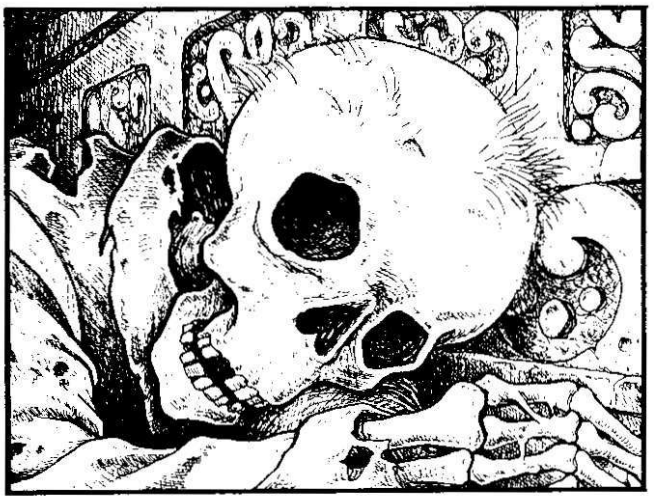
If not, turn to **38**.

173

You feel for the tinder-box in your haversack, and light the candle. You sense you are in a vast hall: the flame lights nothing but the stone floor at your feet. You turn round, and are reassured to see the stone door in the flickering candle-light.

You follow the wall: every inch of it is covered with stone carvings of more strange creatures. Could The Horn be in this hall, you wonder? But a few cautious excursions out into the black void show the hall is empty.

You press on along the wall for what seems an age, then suddenly the candle lights a skeleton on the floor, its arms outstretched, its fingers touching the carvings at the bottom of another stone door. You shudder at the poor creature's fate, and hold the candle up to the carvings around it. There is no inscription, just carvings of endless numbers of circular shields. You scan them over and over again . . . and at last find, hidden among them, a Sun and a Moon. Touching them both at the same time, the rumbling comes again, and the door swings slowly open. You step through, and find yourself on a landing, with stairs leading downwards. The great stone door grinds shut behind you.



You go down the steps and find yourself in a corridor lined with doors, and over each is an inscription in High Tongue: the names of musical instruments. You hurry along the corridor, noting some steps leading upwards as you pass them, and soon find the inscription you are looking for: "Horns". You try the door, but it is locked.

If you have a dagger and Thieving Skill, or the set of three thin-looking keys Glimroc offered you, turn to **31**.

Otherwise, turn to **116**.

174

You are awakened from your thoughts by a strange murmuring sound, like angry bees leaving a hive. You look around you, but there is nothing. And then you realise – it is coming from down in the City.

One by one, lights are appearing in houses, shops, in the windows of temples. Like tongues of flame, lights are springing up across the face of the shadowy city. Tiny figures are appearing in the streets, and the buzzing grows into a roar of joy. The Festival of the Founding Fathers has begun. You turn to plan your escape – and only then do you notice, perched on the very top of the dome, a huge vulture preening its dishevelled plumage with all the pride and regal bearing of a professional beggar . . .

If you have the glass jar with the strange creatures in it, and want to throw it down the shaft, turn to **126**.

If you have the grapnel on its long cord, and want to try scrambling down the outside of the Repository with it, turn to **196**.

Otherwise, you must sit tight in the hope that you will be rescued, or the guards abandon their pursuit and head off to deal with the crowds in the streets . . . In which case, turn to **190**.

175

Delving into your haversack as you run, you find a dead rat and hurl it at the pursuing terriers. You run a few more yards, then stop to throw another and run again. You are now level with the two rat-catchers-turned-

anglers, and the other rat-catchers with their terriers are almost level with you.

For some strange reason, despite your peril you are compelled to look over the bridge at the drunken men's fishing efforts . . . and to your astonishment see a grain barge floating past below you, its stern already almost clear of the bridge, just as the first terrier bites.

If you decide to jump the barge, and have Tumbling Skill, turn to **72**.

If you jump the barge, but without this skill, turn to **80**.

If you decide to run on, turn to **167**.

176

"Hey, you!" he calls. "Let's see yer shoulder!"

As he makes to grab for your clothes, you realise you have no choice but to fight him. He carries a sword and armour of warty gargabeast leather, has 21 Strength Points, and Fencing Skills. You draw your weapon and strike the first blow, but you must fight him for two rounds before you can flee.

Should you kill him or escape, you hurry down the lane he appeared from: turn to **131**.

177

At last you find a key that unlocks the door, but as you push it open footsteps ring on the steps below.

You grab the keys to lock the door behind you, but in your haste you drop them. There is no time to start trying the keys again . . .

If you have the glass jar with the strange creatures in it, and want to use them, turn to **98**.

If you have a bag full of marbles, and want to use them, turn to **123**.

If you have neither of these, turn to **151**.

178

"A very wise choice," says Glimroc, scribbling busily on a small piece of slate. "Normal price is 5 Royals, but seeing as yours is such a worthy enterprise, my very special price to you is 3 Royals."

"Fine," croaks Jerret. "Put it on the account, please."

"Ah," says Glimroc. "This is a strictly cash transaction, on account of the very uncertain times we're living in, especially tonight, it seems. Though I'll accept payment in kind, of course – to the full value, or more."

You and Jerret look at each other, astonished.

"You might like to know what I'd happily settle for instead of cash," says Glimroc. "A rather nice little cup that happens to be sitting this very minute in a scruffy little abandoned temple on Cult Street. It should be a simple in-and-out job for people of your calibre."

Do you pay Glimroc in cash, assuming you have the wherewithal? If so, mark your new items of equipment and your payment on your Adventure Chart, and turn to **111**.

Do you accept his challenge to go and get the cup? If so, turn to **198**.

Do you decide to leave empty-handed? Turn to **111**.

Do you decide to rob Glimroc of what you're after, and make a run for it? If so, turn to **84**.

179

The inscriptions you recognise as High Tongue: you start down the corridor, holding the torch close to each door on left and right as you pass:

"Drums" . . . "Flutes" . . . "Viols" . . . "Bells and Windchimes" . . . "Lyres" . . ."Trumpets" . . . "Instruments In Need of Repair" . . . and then at last . . . "Horns". You start trying the keys as you hear the pounding on the door upstairs get heavier . . . The third key opens the door, and you dive in.

Turn to **15**.

180

Some good-natured fishermen working in the smokehouses lend you a cloak to wrap yourself in while your clothes lie spread out on a smoky rack. Mercifully, you still have your money-bag, and if you have 40 Smecks you can buy some grilled cod to eat while you wait, restoring your Strength Points to their original total. (Mark this on your Adventure Chart.) Within half an hour your clothes are as good as dry, even if a bit singed, and you quickly dress and head back to the bridge, smelling like a kipper but warm at least, and in good spirits.

Turn to **230.**

181

The watchmen pass, and after a minute you peer round the corner again. "All clear," you say, and the two of you hurry across Bakers Lane and on through the backstreets.

Turn to **23.**

182

High walls on either side abruptly give way to very low ones. "Get down, men," you murmur, peeping over the wall to look for your pursuers. A band of Gothmoi appear, a few alleys over from where you are. While you wait for them to pass, you hear the steady plod of a man's footsteps approaching you. Ahead, round the bend, appears a man from the Watch, lamp in hand, doing his regular night beat.

"I'll fix him," offers the man next to you. "No," you say.

The man plods closer, then draws up. You can sense him peering into the shadows beyond the range of his lamp, wondering if he can see piles of wool, or something else.

"Don't breathe a word, or you're dead," you call to him in a low voice. You can almost hear his brain grinding over, pondering the peril he is in – and you are in.

After a long pause he finds his answer: "Lay a finger on me and my mate'll raise the alarm." Then he calls over his shoulder: "Hey, Friblik. Stay put . . . and if you hear me so much as grunt, raise the alarm with those Gothmoi over there."

"Right, Bortli," his companion calls back.

"Look," you say, "we've no quarrel with you, nor you with us. Let us go our way and . . ."

"It'll cost ya," Bortli cuts in quickly.

"How much?"

"How much you got?"

"I don't know . . . twenty Ships?"

"Twenty for me, and twenty for me mate."

You turn to the other men to see if you can rustle up 40 Ships between you. Pick a percentage from the Table of Fortune:

If your score is 40 or more, turn to **109.**

If it is 39 or less, turn to **16.**

183

"You!" he screams. "Let's see yer shoulder!"

There is no choice for you but to fight, or submit to search and certain death. The guard in front of you carries a mace, and has armour of warty gargabeast leather. He has 18 Strength Points, but no special skills. You can strike the first blow. You cannot flee unless you have killed him in four rounds of combat or less.

Should the guard still be alive after four rounds, you must fight both him and the guard who is behind you, combining their points for strength, weapons and armour. The guard behind you has a halberd, chainmail armour, and 22 Strength Points. In this fifth round, they strike the next blow, and you have no chance of escape until they are both dead.

Should you kill a guard, you can take his weapon, remembering to mark it on your Adventure Chart and keep within your weapons limit. If you survive the encounter, turn to **134.**

184

You rush up the twisting steps, but too fast – the horn clatters against the stone wall and you catch your breath in horror. To break it now would be the act of a fool. You check to see if it is broken. No damage done.

Shielding the horn carefully now, you walk up the rest of the winding stairs. Once in the gallery, you look out between the squat pillars and see the edge of the sun breaking the horizon out to sea.

On you go, turning one corner, then another, until you are at the front of the building. You lean out between the pillars and look down, searching for the ivy. There it is – but a bit thin up here, you think, and the stonework is crumbling.

You press on until you stumble over a wooden ladder

lying on the floor. Looking up, you see a maintenance shaft hidden in the shadows. Iron rungs have been set into the stonework, and the ladder must reach the lowest of them. You lean it against the bottom of the shaft, climb it, and reach the iron rungs as a cry rings out from below:

"There he is! . . . in the gallery!"

If you have Tumbling Skill, turn to **81**.

If not, turn to **162.**

185

You stride up to the bar, the urchins close behind you, and after failing to understand a word of their order, let them deal with the barman direct.

Two flagons of wine and three goblets appear on the bar and your heart sinks into your feet. "That'll be one Ship and 30 Smecks," says the barman.

Do you pay up? If so, turn to **82.**

Do you dive out of the tavern and make a run for it? If so, turn to **195.**

186

Stealing silently up the stairs, you reach a landing with staircases leading upwards on left and right. You go left, but as you start to climb you hear the sound of guards coming down. You hurry back to the landing, and go right – but more guards are approaching this way, too!

You head back down the main staircase . . .

If you hid the drugged guard in a thicket, turn to **143.**

If you left him where you found him, turn to **225.**

187

At the far end of the hall you can just make out an altar, lit ever so dimly by a lamp hanging from above. You tip-toe up to it and find it is bare save for a little, battered cup, made of gold it seems, with a lid, and hardly big enough to hold an egg. As you gaze at it in silence, you hear a very faint snoring sound coming from it. Could it be the oracle? You pick it up, and almost drop it as a little high-pitched voice yaps at you:

"Put me down! I say put me down, or things'll go badly for you!"

The voice is coming from the cup: it obviously *is* the oracle. After a moment's thought, you put it back and try reasoning with it:

"Oracle, I've come to take you to your rightful owner," you begin, but it interrupts:

"You can save your breath talking to me in all that new-fangled language," it rattles away. "I can't hear it, because I won't, and I'll tell you another thing: you'll not get out of here before daybreak if you try and pinch me, because I'll shut the iron grill on you. And I happen to know you've got lots to do tonight . . ."

You are inclined to believe him.

If you have High Tongue, turn to **22.**

If not, turn to **12.**

188

You run into a battered and bruised old beggar settling down for the night against a wall. As you get closer, you realise it is the same beggar the Street Sharks were beating up outside your room this morning.

"How can we get to Bazaar Street safely?" you ask.

If you left him to his fate, he tells you what he knows for a silver Ship, so long as you have one: but if you saved him, or have Persuasion Skill, he tells you for nothing.

If he tells you, turn to **47.** (Mark the Ship off on your Adventure Chart if you have to pay.)

If he does not tell you, return to the maze at **188.**

189

Holding your torch close to the first two horns, you realise they depict scenes from the history of Salos, around the time of its founding. Under each scene is an inscription, but in no ordinary language.

If you have High Tongue, turn to **105.**

If not, turn to **68.**

190

You wait and wait, but the shouts of the guards below do not die away. After a while you hear ominous words:

"Get that ladder up, an' let the archers go first."

You creep around the edge of the roof, looking in vain for a hiding place, or another way down. You have gone round three sides of the roof when you see an archer appear through the shaft, and notch his bow . . .

Turn to **165.**

191

"Got anything left on him?" you hear one of the guards say while the other casually prods around your clothes with the point of his sword.

"Nah . . . cleaned him out. An' he's too old to be that scum we're meanta be lookin' out for with the crescent moon on 'is back."

The guards' faces disappear from your blurred view, and their voices grow fainter as they discuss the best place to go for a pleasant evening's bone-crunching.

"Saved by my disguise" is your last thought before the stars are turned off again . . .

Turn to **94.**

192

"It doesn't matter if I'm telling the truth or not," you say. "Either way, I could be very useful to the Resistance: more useful than everyone in this room put together. And I can tell you how."

A commanding voice says calmly, "Just blindfold him, tie his hands and sit him on that chair. Let's hear what he's got to say."

The room falls silent.

Turn to **170.**

193

You throw in your 20 Smecks and the blind man carries on: "The word is there's a young man in the City, just the age the prince would be now if he weren't dead . . . and he's got a birthmark on his shoulder . . . and it's the shape of a crescent moon."

His audience erupts with astonishment, well pleased with their 20 Smecks-worth. And your heart pounds as you realise your secret is out.

"How do you know all this, blind man?" a man shouts.

"Because he was seen in the Baths only yesterday," replies the story-teller.

And by tonight everyone in Salos will know, including the Silent Watchers, you think to yourself – and they'll be looking for me.

Just as you make to turn away, you see on the wall beside you the shadow of a cloaked man standing a few steps behind you. It has all the menace of a Silent Watcher. You saunter off in the other direction till you are round a corner, then quicken your pace, thinking hard all the while.

Turn to **202.**

194

With a mighty splash you hit the water. Hampered by the dead weight of your clothes and haversack, you swim slowly along the quayside wall. From above you hear the shouts of the sailors:

"Where's he gone?"

"Dunno! . . . It's too dark down there!" Eventually their voices grow fainter, and you come to a boat moored to the wall by its bow. You swim round to the stern where you are out of sight from the quay, and find what you're looking for – a rope trailing in the water.

You slowly heave yourself and your haversack up the rope, clamber over the side of the boat and land like a ton weight on the deck.

You creep on your belly to a pile of nets and octopus pots near the rudder, and huddle against them, shivering and exhausted, to gather your strength and wits. But soon a thud at the bow tells you someone has jumped on board.

Do you dive overboard, abandoning your haversack and its contents, in a bid to swim to safety? If so, mark it on your Adventure Chart and turn to **140.**

Do you stay where you are? If so, turn to **55.**

195

You dash round the corner, then nip down one small turning, then the next, not stopping until you are sure no one is following. Yet again you run through the cryptic words you heard:

"Shistins meadin . . . dunya tava . . . ourada gatta i Gilda Ro . . . o Purrul Stri . . . paswas drunka raccacha betadda no . . . "

Now, what would you want to tell someone about a meeting in a tavern? The time and place? Then it comes to you in a flash: "Purrul Stri" must be Purl Street! You know it quite well: up past the temples of strange and forgotten cults, near the breweries and granaries.

You set off to see what you can find there.

Turn to **161.**

196

Wedging the grapnel under the wing of a gargoyle, you throw the cord over the edge, and lean over to see how far it reaches . . .

Not as far as the ground, you are sure, but it might reach to that wall running alongside the Repository. You climb over the edge, and let yourself down the cord. It is slow and painful work: you are only half-way down when your hands can hardly grip the cord any longer.

"You can do it!" someone shouts from below. You look down and see scores of people in the street below, cheering and willing you on. Somehow you reach the end of the cord, and find you are level with the top of the wall.

You push away from the wall with both legs, and swing outwards, but not far enough. You try again, and this time your feet touch the spikes on the wall. You let go of the cord, try to keep your footing on the wall but topple off, and land in a cart full of hay.

"Thought you might need that!" shouts someone beside you, as the crowd spontaneously lifts you out and carries you in triumph down the street. But in front you see the tell-tale spears of Gothmoi guards above the heads of the crowd. You quickly wriggle free of your bearers and lose yourself in the throng.

Turn to **101.**

197

No more alley-ways for the time being, you say to yourself, and hurry along Bazaar Street, turn into Purple Street, and soon see ahead, on the other side of the street, the Golden Robe tavern.

Turn to **11.**

198

"It's a little golden cup, stolen from my great-great-grandfather," says Glimroc, "and I was told just a few days ago that it's sitting on an altar in the Shrine of the Golden Oracle. You can't miss the shrine – the lintel over the door is held up by two stone figures with pouches hanging from their waists.

"I haven't had the time yet to go and get it myself: it should be easy though, because I'm told the door's always open."

You leave Jerret with Glimroc, and race off down Lock Street again towards Cult Street. You arrive without mishap, and sure enough there is the shrine, built in a hideously purple stone, with the two figures outside it.

You look up, and see an inscription high above the door, in a weird and ancient script.

If you have High Tongue, turn to **83.**

If not, turn to **104.**

199

Striding along the path, you make fast progress and come across no one. Then, as you approach Victory Way, you spot the unmistakable silhouettes of two guards with spiked helmets and spears atop the bridge, standing out against the last glow of day.

You turn off the path and pass through more slums,

crossing Victory Way well out of sight of the bridge and joining the path again at the Fisherman's Basin.

The smell of today's catch of fish being smoked over glowing coals reminds you that you have eaten little since yesterday. You are in good time for the meeting at the Golden Robe, so:

If you want to stop and grab a quick meal, turn to **60.**

If you want to press straight on, turn to **230.**

200

You dance, laugh and run your way through the Festival till you reach the sailors' quarter.

Do you go to the Galley Becalmed? Turn to **232.**

Do you make for the Voyager's Rest? Turn to **78.**

201

The sailors left standing do not give chase as you dive back into the cobbled streets, but you keep running all the same. You are safely across Apothecary's Row again before you stop in the shadows to get your breath back. Time to make for Purple Street, you decide . . .

Turn to **121.**

202

The time for waiting is over, you decide: you must embark now on your mission to regain the Throne of Salos, and contact the Resistance to try and enlist their help. They're not noted for their sympathy towards royalty, yet they're the only hope you have . . .

But should you first go back to Master Melfi's and get a disguise?

If you want to go back to Melfi's, turn to**172.**

If you want to seek out the Resistance straight away, turn to **164.**

203

You stop just short of a corner to listen for any Gothmoi ahead. At the same time you hear voices from round the corner, and from behind. Alongside you is a low wall, and behind it a yard full of piles of hemp.

"Quick, over the wall," you whisper to the men. You all dive over and wriggle your way into the hemp, frightening off some cats and sending up a cloud of dust.

"Seen them?" you hear a guard call out. "Not yet!" calls back another. Through the hemp you glimpse the heads of four Gothmoi. As you watch, six more join them.

"That's odd," says the first one thoughtfully, looking around him. "They came this way, all right."

Just then one of the Resistance men lets out a high-pitched sneeze he has only half-managed to strangle.

"Who did that?" the guard snaps at his men. No one replies. He steps up to the wall, and peers over.

If you have any fish in your haversack, or you dried your clothes off in a smokehouse earlier, turn to **87.**

Otherwise, turn to **40.**

204

With the grunts and moans of the victim still loud in your ears, you try to conjure up the scene again.

A lantern on the ground, right by the mugging. Strange – you normally mug people where you can't be seen. And didn't you see a sword leaning against the wall? Why wasn't the Street Shark using that? And if the

money's on the steps, why doesn't he just take it?

You peek gingerly round the corner to see how the victim is doing. He has a great repertoire of groans, but he seems in no worse shape than a minute ago. And aren't those feet you can see, sticking out from behind the walls along the alley?

It's a trap, you realise – a phoney mugging. I'm their victim, and the man on the ground is the bait.

Do you slip away, putting a few dark alleys between you and the muggers? Turn to **121.**

Do you call their bluff and grab the money? Turn to **107.**

205

You pull the grapnel out of your haversack, unravel a length of cord, and swinging the grapnel around your head, hurl it over the top of the wall. Then you pull on the cord: it grows taut, then gives no more. You scramble up, and are soon looking over the wall.

The street below is deserted. You re-adjust the grapnel, pull up the cord and let it fall on the other side. Then you climb down, jumping the last few feet.

Do you hurry back to the outhouse on Noble Way? Turn to **50.**

Do you head straight for the docks? Turn to **101.**

206

Bazaar Street is deserted. Looking around, you realise all too few of you have come through safely. The leader and many others are either slain, captured or lost. And as your thoughts turn to your next moves, you realise that everyone's face is turned towards yours . . .

"What now, Prince?" one of the men asks.

"Let's get out of here, and to the rendezvous," you reply, "but in twos and threes – it'll look more normal."

You split up and thread your way through slums towards the corner of Incense Lane and Sugar Street, then gather again.

"Is everything fixed for drugging the guard at the hour of the Wolf?" you ask.

"Yes, it's all done," says Hannuk, who is clearly going to stand in for the dead leader.

"And can you still handle the diversion?"

"Oh, yes. We'll just have to be a lot more careful when we break into the temple."

"Which one?" you ask, "And what'll you do there?"

"Temple of the Dark Mother: we're burning it down."

"Isn't that a bit close to the Repository?"

"That's why we picked it: the fire's got to pull guards from there, not places like the Fortress. And you'll be able to see the fire yourself, so you'll know when to make your move. When do you want us to do it?"

"Start the fire between the hours of the Fox and the Wolf," you say after a moment's thought. "Now, where's the rendezvous when this is all over?"

Everyone looks sheepish. "Sorry," one of them says, "orders were not to tell you: your mission's too dangerous, and if you're caught . . . "

"But don't worry," another chimes in. "Jerret's going to pick you up outside the Repository when it's over."

After a while, four more Resistance men show up, raising everyone's spirits, and you decide to part company:

"Come on, Jerret, time to find the dwarf," you say, and as you set off, a voice whispers urgently in your ear: "The cellar under the Galley Becalmed, near the docks."

Turn to **135.**

207

You hurry down the stairs, reach the thudding door, grab the latch with one hand while you draw your dagger with the other – then you pull. The beggar tumbles in and crashes to the floor, while the Shark holding him falls on your dagger and the other falls face-first on to the doorstep.

You pull the beggar to his feet as the two Sharks make their escape, one running, one limping. "I bet you weren't expecting to be saved like that," you say.

"Well, I did hope someone'd answer the door sooner or later," he replies, "but thanks all the same . . . I'll do you a good turn one day."

You set off along Smaerd Street.

Turn to **46.**

208

Ahead of you is a stone staircase leading upwards. You dash towards it, and as your foot touches the bottom step, your eyes alight on a row of guards' cloaks hanging on a rack beside you. (If you want to grab one of the cloaks, and throw it round your shoulders, mark it on your Adventure Chart.)

You run up the stairs, and soon come to a landing with

more stairs off it to right and left. You can hear guards coming down from the left, so you go right, and at the top of the staircase come to another landing, the first floor. A frescoed corridor takes you to another marble staircase: you run up it and come out on the second floor – a vast, high hall with a gallery running around it at the top. You race along the wall towards a narrow spiral staircase leading upwards, when you hear a shout:

"Hey you, where yer goin'?" A guard with a sword is approaching across the hall.

If you are wearing the armour of a Gothmoi guard, and have Disguise Skill, you can choose to try and outwit him, in which case turn to **41.**

Otherwise, you must fight him. Turn to **5.**

209

"What's going on?" a weaverwoman calls from a window above.

"Gothmoi are after us," you whisper back.

"Wait!" she says, and disappears for a second, then comes back to the window: "It's safe on the other side of the house – open the gate and go through the yard. It's not locked."

Return to the maze on pages 38 and 39, one alleyway along from **209** in any direction.

210

The steps end at a wooden door. You feel it with your hands – it is bolted, but from your side. You ease back the bolt and pull the door gently. It will not budge. You pull harder – it still does not budge. Then you see a tiny shaft of light coming through a keyhole. Locked, you murmur to yourself.

If you have a guard's set of keys, and want to use them, turn to **39.**

If you took that set of thin-looking keys from Orrin Glimroc, and want to use them, turn to **49.**

If you have no keys at all, turn to **125.**

211

You take the halberd from the guard's nerveless fingers, lay it quietly on the ground, then drag him into a thicket nearby. His leather armour reeks of sweat and filth, but at least he shows no signs of life. You hurry back to the stone Guardian for the halberd, helmet, bottle and goblet, and dump these beside him in the thicket.

Do you put on his helmet and leather armour? If so, mark them on your Adventure Chart and turn to **58.**

Do you leave him as he is, and hurry on? Turn to **136.**

212

Never before did you think Gutter Speak could sound like sweet music to your ears:

"Shistins meadin . . . dunya tava . . . ourada gatta i Gilda Ro . . . o Purrul Stri . . . paswas drunka raccacha betadda no . . . "

"Resistance meeting . . . down the tavern . . . hour of the Cat in the Golden Ro-something . . . on Purple Street . . . password's 'A drunken rat-catcher's better than none'."

The two men have told you everything you need to know to make contact with the Resistance – almost. Is it tonight? You decide it must be – they'd keep things secret till the last few hours to outwit the Silent Watchers. If it's at the hour of the Cat, you've two hours to kill . . .

. . . Or be killed, you think, as you wander on into the lanes where magicians and philosophers practise their weird crafts. Your hair stands on end as something explodes above your head and broken glass rains down on the street. You look up to see a plane of green smoke swirling from a window. "Blast!" an exasperated voice yells, "I'll never get these stains out!"

You hurry on, not stopping till you are well clear of the magicians' quarter.

Do you decide to kill time by going down to the docks, hoping there will be no Gothmoi guards there? If so, turn to **8.**

Do you make for Purple Street straight away? Turn to **63.**

213

As the horsemen approach, you peek round the corner, and see they are archers. With only seconds to go before they break into the square, you jump out and scream, "Gothmoi, men! Quick, round this corner!" No-one moves.

The horses break into a canter, and as the first reaches the square you yell, "Heave!" The cart wobbles,

totters, and finally crashes sideways to the ground, letting loose the most evil mudslide Salos has ever seen. Horses career and slither across the square as if they had charged out on to a frozen lake, and bows fly into the slime as the riders try in vain to keep in the saddle.

Soon the square is awash with cursing Gothmoi, slipping and sliding as they struggle to get to their feet, only to find their sodden bowstrings and arrows useless against you, and their horses bolting in every direction.

You wonder for a moment whether to grab the horses, or a bow and quiver in the muck nearby, but think better of it. You are now free to carry on through the maze on pages 38 and 39, returning to it at **142.**

214

The only escape is over the wall by the steps. You try to clear it in one bound, but are caught a glancing blow by the Shark's cudgel, and fall badly on the stones below. The last thing you remember seeing as you lie on your back is a cudgel swinging high against the starry night sky . . .

Turn to **7.**

215

Dropping a Ship into one of the pouches, you hear a rattling sound for a few seconds, then all goes quiet. You step inside, and find yourself in a dark hall.

Mark down the money on your Adventure Chart, and turn to **187.**

216

Before long you realise you are walking down alleys you were in only minutes before – you are hopelessly lost. There is no one about to tell you the way, so you carry on turning and turning, always coming back on yourself.

At last, totally disheartened, you stop and sit on some steps below a door with the shape of a weaver's shuttle cut in it, wondering if you will ever reach the tavern.

"Ay . . . ay . . . " a woman's lamenting voice calls. You look up and see a weaver before you, nodding with sympathy for your plight. You are obviously not the first person to sit dejected on these steps.

"Bazaar Street," you say dolefully.

"Ishi! . . . tabatta dalifti, daritti, dalifti daritti dalifti, daritti . . . daritti dalifti dalifti!"

If you have Gutter Speak, turn to **29.**

If not, turn to **13.**

217

"What yer doin' with that horn, then?" shouts back the guard. You cannot think of an answer, and the guard breaks into a run. You have no choice but to fight him.

Turn to **5.**

218

Though the stone has flaked and crumbled over the centuries, you can still make out the words of High Tongue: "Touched by the Sun and Moon, Bare Hands may move Mountains".

You wonder what it could mean as you gaze at the carvings around the door. Then, to the left of the door, you spot a Sun amid all the figures of weird creatures and grotesque beasts. You touch it, but nothing happens. Your eyes wander around the carvings again, and you soon spot what you were looking for . . . a Moon to the right of the door. You touch this too, but again nothing . . .

In desperation, you touch Sun and Moon together, and an eerie rumbling sound fills your head. The door slowly swings open. It is pitch-black inside, and a musty smell hits your nostrils. This door hasn't been opened for many a year, you think.

Do you step in? If so, turn to **154.**

Do you decide instead to go through the wooden door behind you, and down the steps? If so, turn to **112.**

219

Your only hope is to strike fear into the Sharks by killing or injuring a few of them quickly. You lunge at the one with the cudgel before he can draw his sword, and floor him. Then you rush for the sword leaning against the wall, but the next Shark grabs it first.

He is your next foe, with 21 Strength Points and the sword, but no special skills or armour. He strikes first.

If you fail to land your first blow, you are quickly killed by the other Sharks.

If you land the blow, you grab the sword and the first round is over. You now face your next foe, using the sword as your weapon if you wish. He has 19 Strength Points, no armour or special skills, and carries a dagger – and he strikes first.

If you miss with your next blow, you still face overwhelming odds, and perish under a torrent of dagger and sword thrusts.

If you land your next blow, you are free to escape as your foe strikes a parting blow and the remaining Sharks back away. You can take the sword if you want to – remembering to keep within your limit of one weapon plus your dagger and marking it on your Adventure Chart. Turn to **121.**

220

"This fella looks the right sort of age," you hear one of the guards say, and at the same moment a hefty kick in the side rolls you over on to your face. Then you feel the point of his sword running across your back, slitting your clothes open as it goes.

"Well, well, if we ain't found the young rat with the crescent-moon birthmark!" he chuckles with sadistic satisfaction.

"Well I never," says the other. "Orders were 'dead or alive' . . . what d'you reckon?"

"Dead. This one's important: we don't wanna lose 'im, do we?"

These are the last words you hear before a Gothmoi sword brings your life to an end.

221

Glimroc gestures you to a table, where he stretches to his full height and announces himself formally, tapping on the table to the rhythm of his words: "Orrin Glimroc, sole supplier of arms and equipment to the Resistance". It sounds very much like the rhythm of Jerret's when he knocked on the door, you think.

"Day work or night work, is this?"

"Night," you say.

"Well, you might be needing a neat little tinder-box complete with candle, as well as what I have here," he says. With a flourish he lifts back a cloth cover to reveal an odd assortment of objects: a sword, some meagre-looking keys, a bag of glass marbles, a grapnel with a long cord on it, and last but by no means least a glass jar with some remarkable creatures in it, who appear to be half giant wasp, and half miniature man . . .

"Take your pick," he says.

You can choose any of the items Glimroc is offering, but you must keep within your limit of five items in your haversack, and two weapons including a dagger on your belt. Make a note of your choice.

If you have no dagger or haversack, Glimroc gives you these free as a rare gesture of his goodwill (mark them on your Adventure Chart). Turn to **178.**

222

"There they go!" you hear a guard shout, then the sound of hoofbeats fades away.

You are free to carry on through the maze on pages 38 and 39, returning to it at **142.**

223

Firmly hooking the grapnel over some solid stonework, you climb out between two pillars and start to let yourself down the rope. You have only gone down a few feet when a guard shouts above you: "Cut it!"

The cord goes limp in your hands, and you fall . . .

Turn to **165.**

224

"My life is in danger," you begin. "I am being hounded down by Luko's guards. And I want to see the tyrant's downfall as much as anyone in this room, and maybe more."

"That's a big claim to make in this company," the leader cuts in. "Can you prove it?"

"Yes, I can," you say. "So far I have told you the truth, but not the whole truth. Will you guarantee to hear me out if I tell you the rest?"

"How long will it take?" someone chimes in from the back, earning a round of chuckles from the meeting.

"Yes, we'll hear you out," the leader says.

"I said they *call* me Dermik, but that's all," you begin: "it has been my disguise for a long year. I am in fact Prince Edrix."

The room falls totally silent.

Turn to **170.**

225

You are half-way down the staircase when a guard bursts in through the main door in front of you.

"Intruder!" he shouts, drawing a sword.

You have to fight him, and while you do so a dozen guards edge quietly towards you down the staircase . . .

You die on the steps, slain by a dozen sword-thrusts.

226

Within seconds you unlock the door with one of the keys, and push it open, just as you hear a shout from behind:

"Light ahead! He's here! Let's get him!"

As footsteps ring on the staircase below, you slam the door shut, lock it and pocket the keys. Out of a window beside you, dawn glows all too brilliantly.

Turn to **208.**

227

The guard turns and instinctively wields his double-handed sword – but so narrow is the alley that the sword sinks into the wooden wall beside him. He stares at it bewildered, then shouts, "Oy, wait!" as you strike the first blow.

His Fencing Skill does not count in this alley: you are pitting yourself only against his 24 Strength Points, double-handed sword and chainmail armour. You can use any weapon you have other than a double-handed sword, and Streetfighting or Fencing Skills if you have them. You can flee after any round, but he will use his Fencing Skill as he springs out of the alley for the parting blow.

Should you kill him, you can take his weapon. If you survive, you rejoin your men and carry on through the maze on pages 38 and 39, returning to it at **52.**

228

"We're going to crawl in twos right up to it," you tell the men, "one on each side of the alley. When you're within a few feet of the barricade, lie still. The moment they spot one of us, everyone else still here must storm it: those already under it have got to grab or break every spear they can reach."

You are one of the first two to go. You both take up positions without being spotted, and another two join you safely. The next two are half-way there when a guard roars "Shistins!", and instantly five spears slide through the gaps in the barricade at waist level.

The four of you are heaving on the spear shafts, or slashing them with your swords, when the rest of the men storm the barricade.

A bloody fight ensues, with spears rammed both ways through the barricade. You are now atop it and opening combat with a guard armed with a spear, in leather

armour, and with 20 Strength Points: he strikes the first blow. You cannot retreat.

If you kill the guard, you join the other survivors in Bazaar Street. Turn to **206.**

229

Nowhere's safe for me now, you think, as you dash across Purple Street and vanish into the slums. Now the Gothmoi know there's someone who doesn't want to be searched – and what he looks like. You wonder what to do next . . .

Turn to **202.**

230

After shaking off a dozen cats that have befriended you, Fish Street comes into view, and some crumbling steps take you up to it. Once on the bridge, you look long and hard for any signs of barbarian guards, and seeing none, hurry across it till you come to some steps leading down to the opposite shore.

You quickly go down these, then slip into an alley leading through dyers' and fullers' yards until you come out on Purple Street. And there, almost in front of you, lit by a lantern, is the sign of the Golden Robe tavern.

Turn to **11.**

231

This maze of alleys could be our saving or our undoing, you think, as your eye eagerly scans the labyrinth under the starlight, trying to trace a route to the far side.

The first Resistance men are at the bottom of the steps, arguing about which way to go. "Hold it!" you shout, "I think I can see a way through!" You quickly scan the maze again, trying to memorise directions: right, then left, then right . . . then left, then right . . . there's a regular pattern here, you think. You try to trace the route further but someone below shouts, "We're not waiting!" just as someone passing you says, "Three more to come . . . And Gothmoi are in the privy!"

Do you hang on, and try to trace your route through to the end? If so, turn to **21.**

Do you hurry down the steps, trusting to the pattern you have found? If so, turn to **130.**

232

You find the tavern and spot a door at the back. You open it, and see it leads down to the cellars. You creep silently down the steps, and soon hear a croaking voice through a door ahead. It is Jerret's. You quietly ease the door open as he tells his tale:

" . . . then I waited as long as I could, but guards were closing in on the outhouse . . . "

"But you knew I'd be all right," you butt in, "so long as I went to the rendezvous you gave me at the Voyager's Rest!"

Everyone's face turns amazed towards you, but Jerret's is horror-stricken: "I . . . I don't know what you're talking about," he stutters.

"So I could have walked into the Voyager's Rest, said 'Ten sailors don't make a fighting crew' and come out alive?"

"Yes, of course . . . I suppose so," he says.

"In which case you won't mind trying it for us right now, will you? And don't worry: we'll be right behind you."

"Why not, Jerret?" Hannuk says. "After all, what've you got to lose?"

You kick the door shut as Jerret springs to his feet to make a run for it. "Everything, it seems," you say. Terror is written on Jerret's face as three men drag him against a wall and finish him with their daggers.

"You've proved your worth ten times over tonight, young prince . . . or whoever you are," Hannuk says. "Welcome to the Resistance!" There is a quiet cheer.

"We've achieved everything we could hope for tonight. Now we all lie low for a while – so you go back to Master Melfi's and carry on playing the player. We'll be in touch when it's time to move again, and you can always find me at the Fisherman's Basin."

You leave the tavern, and push on home through the crowds. At last you open the door to Master Melfi's, step in, then lean back on the door to shut it, exhausted. You climb the stairs, go into your room, and look under the mattress . . . your haversack is there. As you slump on to the mattress the door opens:

"What *have* you been up to?" calls Master Melfi.

"Oh, nothing much – just playing my part in the Festival," you say, as your head hits the straw.

A shadow falls on your window as a giant vulture glides past outside, looking in with an impassive eye . . .

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